ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

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DOMO D' OSSOLA—ITALY.

The first view of Italy from the Simplon road is delightful to the traveller; he perceives the beautiful Val D'Ossola, crowned with verdure, and diversified with villages, and mansions half concealed among the foliage of numerous trees. In the distance lies the town of Domo D'Ossola, socalled from its containing the principal church or duomo of the valley. It is a small but commercial town, much frequented by the small merchants of Milan and of Switzerland. The environs of the town are laid out in meadows, or planted with vines, frequently supported by little pillars of granite.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post and News.

HAPPINESS.

BY CHAS. BIRD BARRETT.

Maid of the placid brow and eye benign,
Who cheers with smiles, the hermit's lonely cell,
Thy aid I ask, and court thy influence mild,
To soothe my heart and in my bosom dwell.

Oh! let thy magic touch my soul incline,
As through the devious walks of life I stray,
To seek the haunts of Virtue's sober train,
And all its precepts wise, with joy obey.

Say—if we search this Earth's remotest bound,
To seek Content throughout the mighty space,
And from the Cottage to the royal Throne,
Shall we its richest, choicest blessings trace?

Beneath th' imperial purple's radiant folds,
Pale Discontent and fierce Ambition dwell;
Nor can the regal sceptre's potent sway,
The shaft of care, or misery repel.

The Hamlet rising from th' encircling wood,
Where verdant vales invite to sweet repose;
No refuge owns to shield from pining grief,
Or meliorate the pang of human woes.

Let glowing Science from her lofty hill,
Display her gifts, and claim our raptur'd view;
In vain we gaze, the charm dissolves in air,
Light as the cloud, and transient as the dew.

'Tis not midst Learning's varied stores we find
That brilliant gem, which calms the human breast;
Nor can bright Genius teach her favor'd sons,
The power to bless, or art of being blest.

Ask those whom Nature's fairest gifts adorn,
Whose steady hands the wheels of empire guide;
Ask if the rays of peace their heart illume,
Calm every hour, and o'er their mind preside?

Say—can the glare of Wealth one joy impart
To soothe the soul when sinking with distress?
Or the gay vot'ries of a thoughtless world,
Heal Grief's deep wounds, or boast the power to bless?

For while the spark of life our frame illumes,
Some fav'rite object will frail man pursue;
Some fair idea on his mind will rest,
Of future joy, and pleasure never true.

How fair and fleeting are the blissful scenes,
By mimic Fancy's glowing pencil drawn!
Gay as the verdure of the fragrant mead,
But transient as the dew that gems the lawn.

VIRTUE alone true happiness can give;
Her sacred laws bid warring passions cease,
Calm every thought, and breathe o'er all the soul,
The strains of love, of innocence, and peace.

When the rich beauties of Creation fade,
And Hesper's silver beams no more appear,
When the fair regent of the sable night,
In dire dismay, is hurried from her sphere;

When yon bright orb which lends the golden day,
Shall lose his light, and set no more to rise,
VIRTUE and PEACE shall 'scape the gen'ral wreck;
And mount triumphant to their native skies!

From Burton's Magazine.

THE UNWEDDED BRIDE.

A TRUE STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY EZRA HOLDEN, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the early history of the colony of Virginia, that Edward Farneworth came from Lincolnshire, England, to settle upon an immense inheritance of landed property, which descended to him as the eldest of "the House of the Farneworths." His father was one of the most reputable as well as most wealthy men of the old world, and was eminent in his day for the high political trusts reposed in his hands. By the laws of entailment—a law which has for centuries disgraced the statutes of the mother country—Edward, junior, the eldest son of the "House of the Farneworths," came into possession of almost all the family property, which thus rendered him, when he came to Virginia, one of the richest men in the colony.—It was long subsequent to the French encroachments upon the ancient colony when he arrived, but it was at a period when the events were in agitation which produced the sanguinary struggles that proved the patriotism of many of the most noble men Virginia ever claimed. The immortal Washington, with his wisdom-guided compeers, had given her a dignified stand, ranking her high among the colonies of the western world. They had early developed those principles which gave a constellation of true patriots to the war of the American revolution. Mr. Farnsworth soon caught the spirit of the days in which he lived, and amid the fe[illegible] which ultimately drove back the migh[illegible]f monarchical power, he was eve[illegible]y and patriotism demanded hi[illegible] was a courageous and dis[illegible] revolution, and shared the [illegible] of the most fearful battles [illegible]vorite son of this patriot sire. [illegible] young man, and as the fu[illegible] support the future dignity of [illegible] high renown of the family, [illegible]h influence and wealth could [illegible] extended to prepare him for [illegible] in the "House of Farne[illegible]rdingly, he was sent over the [illegible] his education at the university [illegible]ad scarcely finished his educa[illegible]ourful intelligence was sent him [illegible] sire had, from his labors in the [illegible] new world, been followed to the [illegible] by the American nation, as one who [illegible] offered up his time and treasure in the sacred cause of universal liberty.

From the early history of the colony of Virginia, the ancient family of the Musgraves had been planted upon her territory. They had preceded the Farneworths in settling themselves upon their plantation, which was in the immediate neighborhood of the immense possessions of the former.—From the first, the two families were intimately knit together in the bonds of social intercourse.—They formed, we may almost say, one family, for the members of each participated in the pleasures and enjoyments of the other. Helen Musgrave was the only daughter, but the third child, of the Musgraves. The two sons had become settled in life, the wealthy parent having given them their portion of the family wealth, and Helen was looked to by both parents as the heiress of all the other property, excepting the mother's life estate, if she should survive her husband. This feeling was fostered much by the education of their early lives; and it was, therefore, with great gratification that they early discovered a growing affection between Helen and Edward, whom they looked upon as evidently deserving of her hand, heart, and fortune. In fact, long before Edward returned to America from the university of Oxford, it was well understood that she was betrothed to him.

Soon after this, on coming into the full possession of his immense estate, he purchased the desirable spot known as the "Oaklands," and built one of the most charming cottage ornees which Virginia could boast, as the future home of himself and the adorable Helen.

Edward was not only a most excellent young gentleman, but highly appreciated. His wealth, the high pedigree of his family, and above all, the great good sense, the estimable qualities of his mind, superadded to a warm heart and a most finished education, made him a young gentleman of high consideration among his fellow men. He was elevated to represent his district in the popular branch of the legislature of Old Virginia, the year he could take a seat by his age; and in the year but one afterward, so great was the admiration of his virtues and talents, he was sent to the upper house, a political elevation, which, at that day, in dignified and elevated Virginia, was as high an estimate as could have been tendered to his eminent qualifications by his fellow-citizens. In a word, we may say, that few men ever won and enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-men to so great an extent as Edward Farneworth, and in no trust reposed in his hands did he betray his constituents or disgrace himself—a remark which we wish we could in conscience make respecting more of those who are entrusted with public duties in the days in which we live.

CHAPTER II.

It has been well said, that "great minds often have great weaknesses." It was the spring of the year, if our chronicler has written it correctly, about the first of May, when Edward Farneworth was returning from the "Oaklands," with his fast and most intimate friend, Wortley Allison.

"Well, Wortley, our nuptials are fast approaching."

"Not so fast, Edward, as I could wish them, were I the happy man."

"You think so, no doubt, Wortley, but you have never approached so nearly to this fearful bend in the stream of life."

"No, Edward, that's very true; but I would soon turn voyager on the crystal lake of matrimony, if I could win the heart of one so justly loved and admired as Helen Musgrave."

"That may be so, Wortley; but *you* know nothing of what you are talking about; and I have long lacked courage to ask even you a question, which is all the world to your friend. Wortley, smile not in derision, when I ask *if you think Helen loves me for myself alone?*"

"My life upon it, Edward, she does."

"I'm glad you think so, and I would not have you think that *I* think otherwise. It was a foolish whim that crossed my mind, Wortley, and I beg you will never bestow upon it a second thought."

"Indeed, Edward I shall not, for I do not think it was worthy of a *first* one."

"Well, Wortley, I thank you for your pleasantry, for I feel it is well deserved."

Great preparations were made for the nuptials. The union of two such houses as these was no ordinary occurrence. No nuptials had at that day been solemnised in Virginia, that had ever been looked to in their approach with so much interest, both in consequence of the universal esteem in which the parties were held, and the distinction and extent of their respective families.

The good ship Atlantic, at that period in our commercial intercourse with Liverpool, employed mostly as a merchant ship, on its return to America, brought over many of the relatives of both houses, who had determined to visit their friends in Virginia, and have the double pleasure of attending the wedding and visiting their relatives besides.

Among those who thus came in the Atlantic, was Eleanor Churchill, a sweet little cousin to Helen Musgrave, by her mother's side. Eleanor Churchill was at that witching time of life "sweet seventeen," when she arrived. She was five feet six inches in height, of symmetrical form, with blue eyes, auburn tresses, and a face of "roseate hue and pearly white;" of winning manners, well educated, intelligent, open-hearted, frank, generous to a fault, and in short, one of the sweetest girls which the imagination of even the poet can conceive. She soon became a very great favorite wherever she went, and none appeared more delighted with her than her own relatives.

It was a matter of course that so pleasant an event as a visit from so many kind relatives from over the water would be hailed with much hilarity and rejoicing. Magnificent levees rapidly followed; all the Musgraves and the Farneworths displaying no little rivalry to see which should eclipse the others.

On Tuesday evening, the mansion of the Musgraves was thrown open to an immense crowd. It was not only one of the largest levees, but one of the most brilliant, that had ever occurred at the mansion of Pleasant Ridge. All the world was there. The rich, the intellectual, the refined, and the beautiful, the sweetest of the sweet maidens of Virginia; but of them all, Eleanor, the handsome, vivacious, fascinating little sylph, who had recently come from the high courts of fashion in the old world, was the universal theme of admiration.

It was late ere the immense throng withdrew, and when they did, the beautiful Eleanor gracefully encircled her arm within the proffered one of Edward, who waited upon her to her carriage, to drive home with his mother, with whom he insisted she should pass a few days, at "the villa of the Farneworths."

When Helen retired to her room that night, she discovered that she had unintentionally retained upon her finger the brilliant diamond ring which Eleanor usually wore, and which she had sportively placed upon the wedding finger. In the morning about twelve, Helen ordered her carriage, and drove to the villa.

Edward was still there, to welcome his betrothed one. After the pleasant salutations of the morning, Helen, gently taking Eleanor's snow-white hand within her own, said, "My dear, did you not miss your brilliant? let me restore it to your hand."

"Why, Helen, if you hav'nt put the ring upon my wedding finger! That's an omen! Now I shall *supplant* you," half uttered she, as she skipped like a fairy across the room, and commenced playing, "Whilst with village maids I stray," accompanying the piano with her sweet but plaintive voice.

"There are stranger truths than that uttered in jest," said Edward, as the servant brought in the cards of the Misses Wingate, which put an immediate stop to the conversation.

The Wingates belonged to the dignified and wealthy families of Virginia. They never gave a party without its being a jam of the caste, fashion, and beauty of those days. All the world was there, and since the charming Eleanor was to be "the lion," (or "lioness," perhaps we ought to say,) of the occasion, Edward told her he thought it far better that he should go with her early, and without first calling for Helen, as had previously been arranged. The carriage was ordered, and they accordingly drove to the Wingates. When they arrived, they found great numbers already there. Many had not yet had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Eleanor, and Edward found himself much occupied in introducing his fair charge, as she hung upon his arm, passing around amid the gay assemblage, as they poured into the brilliant saloons of the Wingates.

The evening began rapidly to advance, when Julia Wingate passed Edward, who was still bearing the "observed of all observers" upon his arm, remarking as she went, "Pray, where is Helen? Did you call for her?"

"No, we did not," said Edward; "but I must send the carriage for her at once."

"You will go in it, Edward," said Eleanor.

"It will make no difference, Eleanor, if I do not; and, since it is so late, I think I will not."

The carriage soon arrived within the court at the mansion of the Musgraves. The footman announced that Edward had sent the carriage for Helen.

"Is Edward there, mother?" asked Helen.

"The footman, my dear, says he could not leave the party, there were so many to introduce to our charming cousin."

"Mother," said Helen, I do not feel so well as usual, and I beg you would go to the Wingates without me."

"If you are not well, Helen, let the carriage go back without either of us, for I cannot go unless you do."

"Then, mother, let us both go; perhaps I shall feel better when I get into the air."

As the nuptials between Edward and Helen were to take place early in the following month, of course the wedding was the theme of conversation among many of the most intimate acquaintances of Helen, at the party.

"How I envy you, Helen," said her intimate friend, Josephine Wingate, smilingly.

"You need not," said Helen, "for the nearer I am to this important event of my life, the sadder I grow."

"That's for joy," retorted Josephine; "sure I am, it can be for nothing beside."

"What would I give to be the wife of him who is not only the handsomest man in this assembly, but the one of all others who is best qualified to fill here the office of gallant to the most charming belle from the high courts of fashion and etiquette in the old world!"

It was quite late ere the levee began to dissolve, when Edward, having been exclusively devoted to the fair Eleanor, the beautiful, vivacious and charming attraction of the evening, gave the other arm to Helen, and they walked to their carriage to return to their respective homes. They alighted but a moment at the home of the Musgraves, and then Edward and Eleanor re-entered the carriage to depart for the villa of his worthy mother.

As the outer door turned upon its hinges, and Helen and her mother walked into the little back parlor, they threw themselves upon the couch, Helen remarking that she never felt so depressed at a party in her life, as she had that evening.

In the morning, a note came from Edward, asking Helen if she would join in a party that had just been concluded on, to visit the Virginia Springs, the spot of most fashionable resort at the time, "I will call at eleven to-day, with my carriage, for you, Helen." Helen returned a note, saying she did not feel well enough to go that day on so long a journey of pleasure, but urged Edward to go with "our cousin, by all means." Immediately on the receipt of this note, Edward drove to the home of Helen, and stated that he would not go on the party of pleasure, if she did not go with them. But Helen made the sweetest entreaties that he would, averring that it would not be gratifying to her if he did not.

"What shall I do," said Edward to himself, as he left the mansion, after a few hours' stay; "must I go without Helen; and yet how can I *test* the affection of her who is to be mine for life, if I do not go? Yes, I will go, though Wortley did laugh at me for my doubts. No, no, I do not doubt Helen, I doubt *myself*, and I'll go with our friends to the Springs, to get rid of my foolish whims, amid the gay pleasures of that fashionable spot."

All readers who have visited fashionable resorts, know well enough the "sayings and doings" of such places, and it is therefore unnecessary to recount here the monotonous occurrences of the pleasure-party. Eleanor was, of course, the "foreign lady of distinction," whom all sought to become acquainted with; and if Edward had no other motive than a mere gratification of his pride of gallantry, to be the constant attendant of such a lady might have been allowed to that self-approbation of which all men in fashionable life are susceptible.

Eleanor, in the happy enjoyment of the most congenial temper, embarked with unreserved cheerfulness in the pleasures of chastened and elevated conversation. Surrounded, as she often was, by many of the first minds of Virginia, it was surprising to witness the familiarity with which she spoke of the charms of the ancient classics, or of the people, scenes, manners, and history of the modern states of the old world; and yet she appeared free from the burden of thought, and evinced the fluency of her colloquial powers through the extent of the subjects which came up for conversation. Edward, however, in the midst of the gaities that surrounded him, was occasionally depressed with meditations, as unlike those which had come over him at other critical periods of his life, as was the builder of the temple of Ephesus unlike the mad incendiary who destroyed it. He wrote to Helen on the morning but one after they reached the Springs, saying that he would go up for her if she felt inclined to join the party.—"Pray, say you will come, Helen, to witness the unbounded admiration with which our charming cousin is welcomed here. She is regarded as the most accomplished and beautiful lady who has ever been the wonder at the Springs, or has ever visited these shores."

"Mother," said Helen, after she had perused the letter of Edward, evidently with great emotion, "see how kindly Edward speaks of our sweet little cousin. *He* wants me to go down and witness the homage of all hearts to her beauty and accomplishments; but, I cannot tell how it is, yet I never felt so averse to joining in a pleasure party; and I know I should cast a shade over their pleasures if I went. I cannot go, mother;" and she seated herself at her escritoir, to tell Edward so in a hasty note.

The reader can better conceive than we can describe the emotions with which Edward received the letter of one whom he loved to admiration, and to whom he was to be so soon united in the bonds of matrimony. He felt that he had assumed a part from which the better feelings of his nature rebelled, and this, too, on the eve of his wedding-day. "Have I planted a pang of distress in the bosom of the angel of my affections! O! I will wipe away every glimmer of distrust by a life of entire devotion to my Helen. And yet gracious God! I may have gone too far in this masquerade of my feelings. What if!—No, no, I must not recede, for then I should acknowledge my suspicions, and consider myself unworthy of the sweetest angel that ever lavished love on so fastidious and foolish a heart."

"Why, Edward," said Eleanor, entering the apartment unobservedly, "how gloomy you look—are you unwell?"

"Only sad, that, with your buoyant spirits, you had absented yourself so long."

"Is that all, Edward?—well, I hope the piano is not so much out of tune as your face appeared to be when I came in," she remarked, as she seated herself at the piano, and commenced a sweet melody, running in these words:

From stem to stem the wild bee sips
Its honey from the bloom,
And robs the blossom's leafy lips,
And revels in perfume,
But when the flowret yields its dyes,
He comes not to its cup,
But leaves the heat of parching skies,
To drink its sweetness up.
O! this is Love, that beauty knows,
Which tends it for a while,
Then round a newer image glows,
And wears another smile:
When youth is rife with maiden charms,
The heart no claim denies,
But when distrust the soul alarms,
It joys in other eyes.

"I pray you, Eleanor, sing some more sportive air. I believe I do need a little rousing of my spirits this morning."

"Excuse me, cos, for a short time, as I promised to step into the parlor of the Perleys," said Eleanor, as she skipped across the room like a sylph, singing in most merry mood as she went:

I do not well know, and I never could tell,
Why gallants so oft are untrue,
Why always some evil the suitor befel,
Who doubted the maiden he knew.

And, in a short time afterward, as she returned she skipped in, singing, more light-heartedly than before, if possible:

How sweet is the valley, and green is the glen,
Where the cottage of Ellendale stands,
Where, away from the wiles and the praises of men,
Lives the lass of the wild forest lands.

"I like that song, Eleanor; sing it to the close, will you?" said Edward.

"Oh, I do not recollect it all now, and this verse only recurred to my memory while the Misses Perley and their mother were portraying the romantic situation of their cottage house at Ellendale, to which they insist we must accompany them, on their return home on Thursday morning, to pass a week with them."

"I would go, Eleanor with all my heart, but you know our nuptials are to take place on Monday week, and it would not be possible for us to reach home in season to prepare."

"Well, that's true; I did not think of that.—How I should like to go to Ellendale with the Perleys. Let me manage, Edward. I will write to my dear Helen, and I know she will put off the wedding a week on my account. Don't object, Edward," seeing that he appeared quite averse to this proposition, added the light-hearted girl; "I will tell Helen that I make you go with me to the Perleys, and all will be right;" and so saying, before Edward had a chance to utter scarcely a word, she had written the note, and despatched a servant with it to the post-office.

It would be impossible to picture the emotion with which the devoted Helen opened the note from Eleanor. She read and re-read its contents, and yet she doubted that she had read them right. "Gone with Eleanor to the Perley's and the wedding must be put off!" She re-opened the note, and read it again—"Not a line from Edward. We were to be wedded on Monday week. Well, Eleanor says she '*made* him go.' He would not have gone, if she had not over-persuaded him.—No, I know he would not; and yet, why did they not think to postpone their visit to the Perley's till after the nuptials, and we might all have gone together to Ellendale!" And she sunk down upon her couch, every fibre of her system convulsed with the deepest emotions, at the extraordinary contents of the note she had so often read.

On the morning following, she received a letter from Edward, corroborating what Eleanor had written, making a thousand apologies, laying all blame upon Eleanor, who had persuaded him to do what he must ask her to forgive. Helen appeared more solemn on the perusal of Edward's letter, but it was obvious that it was the calmness of deep disappointment, at so unexpected a delay in the most important event that could occur in her life.

CHAPTER III.

Ellendale was all the romance and beauty that the Perleys had described, and Eleanor enjoyed herself much, as she did every where. All was gaiety and hilarity. But Edward was unhappy, and although he attempted to stifle his feelings, at the end of the second day he begged that his kind hostess would permit him to leave Ellendale.

"Eleanor must not go so soon," said Mrs. Perley, to which the daughter warmly responded.

"Then," said Edward, "I will go and prepare for the wedding, and return for Eleanor, as she is to be bridesmaid."

"That must do, Edward, if you will go;" they all exclaimed at once; and the servant in a few moments brought his carriage, and he was on his way to the home of his adorable Helen. He drove at once to the mansion; but, as he crossed the threshold, he felt as if a spell were upon him, and as he entered the little back parlor, he found Helen, with his letter from the Springs upon her table, but she instantly attempted to conceal it, by placing over it the book which she had in her hand.

"I could not stay, longer, Helen, as you did not join our party at the Springs."

"Why, Edward, where is Eleanor? did she not come with you?"

"No, my Helen, the Perleys would not let her leave so soon, and I have come without her, to ask forgiveness for having staid so long. It was all the fault of Eleanor, Helen."

"So she wrote me, Edward, and I must forgive her for doing so, for our charming cousin is the attraction that wins all hearts," added Helen, in a half-surpressed tone.

"But, Helen, you desired me, or I should not have gone; and now let us think no more of that, but prepare for another event."

"Perhaps," quickly replied Helen, "Eleanor may have another Ellendale to visit."

Edward felt the rebuke in the depth of his soul, for he knew it was deserved; but rallying his afflicted feelings, he said that he would ask Wortley to see that all should be ready for Thursday evening week, "if you do not object, Helen?" he added glancing at the face of her who was the world to him, as he felt conscience-struck that he had not taken the most justifiable steps of late toward the sole object of his affections.

It was now only eight days to the wedding, and although all things had been once arranged, still, now that the nuptials had been postponed, the great numbers of friends were to be re-advised of the evening upon which it was to take place.—The intervening time was expended, as the reader will conceive, in those steps which always precede a wedding, and which it will be of no importance to allude to here. This was a coming event that had been looked to with great interest by the vast number of friends of both Helen and Edward, and the beautiful, the wealthy, and the elite of Virginia were on the wings of expectancy for the brilliant and happy nuptials between two of the most respected houses of the "old dominion."

Thursday night came, and the halls of the Musgraves were thrown open to as brilliant an assembly as ever convened in Virginia. At an early hour, they commenced pouring in, from all the surrounding region, and many from a considerable distance, filled with the most joyous anticipations, to witness the bestowal of the heart and the hand of the pride of her sex in Virginia, upon one who was equally admired for his elevated talents, and manly virtues.

Helen Musgrave was that night to be given away in marriage. One of the most beautiful damsels of the fair daughters of a region which has been celebrated for the perfection of its "angels of life," and the richest heiress in America was to become a bride. Decked in her bridal dress, the chasteness and beauty of which were outrivalled only by the symmetry of her person, the mildness of her lovely face, and the gentle modesty of her department, she was at last prevailed upon by her most intimate friends, to come from her dressing room, and mingle with the brilliant throng. It was by much over-persuasion that she did so, as her heart, now that the great event of her life had arrived, was not at all in unison with the gaiety of the throng that she must pass among, to become the "observed of all observers."

"Where is Edward, dearest Helen?" inquired Josephine Wingate.

"Gone for Eleanor, sister," quickly replied Margaretta Wingate, who had before understood that fact from the mother of the bride-to-be.

"When did he go, Helen?" resumed Josephine.

"On Tuesday morning, my dearest Jose," said Helen, and as she locked arms with her to walk into the back parlor, she added with deep emotion, though with an evident attempt at concealment, "I hope she has not again run off with him to the Springs. *He was to have been back yester eve.*"

The guests were all too busy with each other, in seeing and being seen, to think much of the unexpected absence of Edward, in the first part of the evening; but as the evening began to wane away, his absence alone became the theme of every heart, although, from the deep struggle that was evidently raging in the bosom of Helen, all appeared anxious to avoid any inquiry.

"Why I do not doubt they are at the Oaklands," said Miss Ellison.

"Yes, Helen, Wortley will go up to see, and hurry them down," added Josephine.

"No, no," said Helen, "they will be here soon; they *must* be."

Wortley, however, stole from the throng, and rode to the Oaklands. It was an hour afterward when he returned; and, the first moment he could catch the eye of his sister Anna, he walked toward the window with her, to impart the mysterious intelligence which he heard at the Oaklands, that Edward had been persuaded by Eleanor to ride upward of forty miles out of their way, to visit the Churchills, at Bloomingdale; and when they turned from the window, they saw Helen turning away also, quivering with emotion. She made a convulsed effort to appear calm to the company, and locked in the arms of Josephine and Anna, her most intimate female companions, she passed from the great saloon; and when she reached the large hall of the entry, she begged them to return, and permit her for a little time to retire to her room, to let her maids re-adjust some portion of her bridal dress, which was unpleasant in its fittings.

Hour after hour had now passed away, and the evening was far advanced. Anxiety and disappointment were depicted upon every countenance. The noble and high-minded mother of Helen sat in the midst of taste, fashion, and beauty, with a fond smile upon her lips, her heart ready to burst with fearful anticipations. None could tell aught of their forebodings; and some even thought of retiring in the bitterness of disappointment, at the extraordinary absence of one whom all loved and admired. At that instant, a carriage drove into the court-yard, when Edward and Eleanor passed into the front hall in great haste.

"I know you will forgive me, Jose," said Eleanor, catching her friend in her arms. "I ran away with Edward, to Bloomingdale. It's all my doings; but Helen will forgive me, in her joy at the return of her Edward. Where is my dearest Helen?—We will now atone for all. Let us fly for the bride to the nuptials." And so saying, she ran up the front stairs to the room of Helen, accompanied by Josephine and Anna, with the quickness of thought.

Joy and gladness now beamed forth from every countenance, and all hearts were beating high for the return of the absent one, and in the bright anticipations of the happy termination of all their forebodings. The immense throng was one unbroken scene of pleasure and merriment, which was alone interrupted by loud laughs from above, causing many of the most familiar friends, accompanied by Edward, to run up stairs, in the buoyancy of their feelings, and in their anticipation of felicity, to meet the sweet smiles of the almost bride, at the return of him who was to make her his for life.

"Helen, dearest girl, open the door," said Eleanor; "we are all here in waiting for the bride."

No answer was made from within.

"Now, Helen do not keep us longer in suspense. Pray, do not pay our long delay in jest, though we do deserve it. I alone am to blame. Edward is guiltless."

"She serves us right," said Edward; "but," he added, raising his voice, "it is your Edward that asks forgiveness, Helen. She that could never chide, will forgive one who feels that he ought to ask for pardon."

Still there was no answer. Many of the party had clustered about the door, with light hearts and merry faces.

"Force open the door," said Eleanor; "coz is carrying her joke too far." Edward placed himself almost unconsciously against the door, which yielded to the pressure, and the party rushed into the bridal chamber.

"Forgive and forget, dearest Helen," said Eleanor, as she clasped Helen in her arms, at the same instant impressing a kiss upon her snow-white face, when she uttered a convulsive scream, that thrilled to the very soul of all, and fell insensible on the floor, exclaiming, "O! GOD! HELEN IS DEAD!"

The unwedded bride sat by the side of the bridal bed, not one bracelet of the bridal dress had been removed; the smile of forgiveness, playing upon her lips, but her pure spirit had gone to Him who doubts not the constancy and love of the pure in heart.

It is impossible to describe the scene of anguish that ensued. The imagination of the reader alone can draw that picture, nor would it be in the power of any delineator to portray the remorse of Edward. It is not many years since he occupied one of the highest offices in the gift of the people of his native State; and he never returned from his public toils, without visiting the grave of his departed bride, whose memory yet appears as fresh in his heart, as though his head were not silvered o'er by the whiteness of years. He expects to meet his Helen in heaven, and speaks with unbounded joy of the forgiving smile that played upon her sweet lips, as she reposed upon the wedding bed, on the night of his brideless nuptials, in proof to his spirit that she will be his angel in the world that shall never pass away!

Eleanor, the heretofore light-hearted and joyous Eleanor, returned to her native land, "with a broken spirit and a contrite heart," betook herself to a convent; and it was within the last two years, that she bequeathed an estate, left her by her brother, one of the most wealthy merchants of London, to found an Orphan's Asylum, where those whom the world looked coldly upon, might have a home of comfort and of joy.

From the Missouri Saturday News

WHAT IS LIFE?

"What is life?"
I asked the question of a sprightly youth;
He smiled, and briefly answered, "Happiness!"
The very image of the thing he looked!
A laughing eye—a brow unknown to care—
A cheek whereon was written rosy health—
A step elastic as the nimble fawn's—
These he possessed.—A garland twined his brow,
Blending the rose, the hyacinth, the fair
Soft lily, and the strong oak leaf—emblems
Of health, of strength and innocence. 'T was morn;
'T was Spring; the dew drops stood upon each leaf,
Pellucid, quivering in the early light
That stole through thickly wooded grove and bower;
The busy songsters caroled forth their lays,
Or gayly skimmed the flowret-studded plain:
All, all was mirth and mellow sunshine—all
Alike responded to the youth's reply.

"What is life?"
I asked again the words but not of youth;
They fell upon the ear of one whose look
Bespoke a care-worn heart; meridian life
Had left its traces on his brow; he spoke,
And answered with a voice that told his soul—
"It is a round of sorrow, cares and strife—
Of disappointed hopes—duplicity—
Of shameless, wrong and unrequited good—
Of heart aches. Yes!" and then he knit his brows,
And gave a look that said, "Disturb me not!"
"Yes, this is life!" And so he passed along.
Spring's rosy days were gone, and it was noon—
A Summer noon—and busy bustling crowds
Choked up a narrow mart; and officers
Of justice (so they called them) hurried past,
And all responded to the voice I'd heard!

"What is life?"
With listening ear I waited the reply
Of one whose venerable locks proclaimed
The afternoon of life. 'T was Autumn, and
The leaves was falling fast and thick around,
Yellow and withered by the biting frost.
The busy squirrel, conscious of the task
Prescribed by stern necessity, bounded
From tree to tree, and garnered up his store,
With haste prophetic of the coming storm.
The lurid sun was sinking in the west,
Shrouded in gloom; and the tall forest trees,
Through whose half-naked boughs its lingering rays
Still struggled, cast a sombre shade around.
A thoughtful melancholy sat upon
The brow of the gray-headed man, and lent
An air responsive to the general gloom.
He sighed, and calmly gave me this reply:
"It is in youth all hope and happiness,
To dream of scenes of coming, lasting bliss,
And, in the sweet deception, gain the boon
Reality itself could never give.
In manhood, 't is to find we've been deceived—
To find that man no brother is to man—
That all the objects of humanity
Concentre in three words, *low selfish gain!*—
And then ourselves become the thing we hate!
In age, 't is to reflect on by-gone days
With many a keen regret, and sigh for hours
No more to be recalled, or wisely look
Into the future, and prepare for rest!"
I pondered o'er the past—I looked around,
And all proclaimed the truth of what I'd heard.

JACQUES.

SHIPPENSBURG HERALD.—A very droll volume might be made up of the poetic productions which appear regularly in this paper. In the rhymes of all his correspondents, male and female there is a strong bias to the indulgence of the tender passion. They are all most excessively amorous, and every number of the Herald is a perfect dove cote, sounding with a continual coo.—*N. O. Pic.*

LOVE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

There was pageant and revelry in the city of Pampeluna. There was splendor and glitter in the court, and the streets, and the churches. The air resounded with acclamations; the porches and the porticoes were thronged with a merry population, in their holiday array; and the hum of many voices, in eager conversation, rose above the crowd that swayed hither and thither, in the squares and open spaces. The bells of all the churches rang out; and eye and ear were told, by every sight and every sound, that it was a high festival in the ancient capital of Navarre.

To the monarch of that small mountain state, the ambassadors from France led, on that day, a beautiful and long-sought bride; and every eye, in court and city, raised the eager lid to gaze upon the future queen as she advanced. Every eye, in court and city, however, after having gazed on the proud beauty, and marked the features which might well become a prince's bride, turned with feelings of deeper satisfaction to the countenance of their own native princess; and found in its calm bright sweetness a loveliness more harmonious to their hearts—a beauty of gentler promise and more endearing aspect.

"Handsome indeed she is!" exclaimed every one who gazed on Isabel of Valois; "handsome indeed she is, but not so beautiful as our own princess."

With equal interest, but very different feelings, Blanche of Navarre also gazed upon her brother's bride, as Isabel advanced through the halls of that palace where Blanche herself had so long dwelt the first women in the land. But with no envious thought did she thus gaze—with no feeling of malice toward her who was destined at once to take upon herself the first place in that realm. But it was with feelings of keen, intense anxiety for a brother's happiness; with thoughts, too, of some apprehension for her own future fate. Blanche of Navarre was no longer to rule in the house of her ancestors; her word was no longer to be law among the courtiers of her brother; her will was no longer to be the only guide of all her actions; her fate, her time, her comfort, were no longer to be decided by her own voice: for into the halls of her infancy had come a being, upon whose will the happiness of almost every moment must depend; upon whose virtue, tenderness, and generosity, the peace and quiet passing of her future years could alone be founded.

She gazed, then, upon the beautiful bride, and saw that she was lovely. She was willing, she was anxious, in that loveliness of feature and of form, to see the loveliness of spirit and of heart; she was willing to believe, that in that dark liquid eye shone forth the virtues of a noble race; she was willing to believe, in that arching lip was pictured the high and dignified mind within. But yet, she could not but feel that there was a flashing brightness in the glance as it roamed around, marking with unshrinking firmness each gazing face of the crowded court, and noting with quick accuracy every one of those empty ornaments and trifling embellishments, on which the calm and unoccupied spirit may rest in a moment of idleness, but which, in a moment of agitation and emotion, are, to the feeling and the sensitive heart, but as bubbles on the waves to the mariner in the tempest. She could not but feel, that in that lovely lip sat a haughty and a scornful curl—firm, proud, determined; all unlike the quivering diffidence which Blanche had pictured to her fancy, in the timid bride seeking her strange husband's court.

No timidity, indeed, was there; and so proud was the carriage, so scornful was the air, that Blanche of Navarre, as she saw the future queen advance to meet her promised husband, felt her heart beat quick, lest she should see her brother treated with indignity by the bride whose hand had already been dearly purchased. But no! she met him with smiles, she received his welcome with grace; and Blanche's heart grew calm, in the hope that her fears misled her in her interpretation of the fair stranger's demeanor.

The first object of all attention was, of course, the princess herself; but in the train of Isabel of Valois, and among all the gay and glittering cavaliers, of which it was composed, appeared one who, in form and feature, carriage and apparel, stood forth without compare in all the court, either of Navarre or France. Francis, count of Foix, was the name the ambassador gave him, as he introduced him to the Navarrese king; and, although the eye of Blanche had before marked with wonder, not unmixed with admiration, the appearance of that princely noble, no sooner was he named than her brow slightly contracted, her fair lip lost its smile, and she bowed with cold and stately haughtiness as he advanced and was presented to herself. The count was not abashed, but maintained himself with graceful ease; and there was something in his whole demeanor, during the festivals and ceremonies that followed, which won upon even those prepared to frown on all his actions; which dazzled where it could not blind, and gained a smile from the lip even while censure was strong at the heart.

There is a race of men who fancy that some bright and brilliant qualities, some noble deeds, some graces of demeanor, some powers of language or of thought, some grandeur of conception or energy of action, not only compensate a life of ribald looseness, but even give a splendor and dignity to vice and crime. Such has been the character which Francis, count of Foix, had established for himself, in the world of his day. Brave to a fault; graceful, as we have said, in person; full of high powers abused, and talents cast away, he had devoted himself to pleasure, and, in pursuit thereof, had acknowledged no barriers, and spurned at every check. His life hitherto, young as he was, had been but a tale of moral duties violated; of passion, excess, and licentiousness. Infidelity in love had been his boast; the ruin of woman's peace, his pastime; and the wine-cup and the dice, and loose companions, and wild exploits of evil, made up a history chequered only by some occasional trait of a noble spirit—some deed of generosity, or benevolence, or courage.

So dangerous and hateful had become his name, that the monarch of his own land had willingly found an occasion to send him forth into another country; praying devoutly, that Spanish jealousy might never suffer the wild and reckless youth to return to the court of France again. And now, in the small kingdom of Navarre, he prepared to renew the same course which had won for him so evil a reputation in his own land.

On the third night after his arrival, he sat late with several of his followers, who had accompanied him from France, and with one or two of the young Navarrese nobility, congenial to tastes and habits, but less advanced in systematic vice than the gay cavalier who had now come among them. They talked of pleasure, and of joy, and of excited passion; and many a bright thought and sparkling fancy followed the cup as it circled round the table, and gave a zest and a grace to the idle, and the loose, and the vain tales which formed the great mass of their conversation. They had drank deep, when one of the Navarrese, bowing his head over the full cup, said, with a smile,—"To your next conquest, fair Count of Foix; to your next conquest!" The others around laughed gaily, and took up the toast, bowing their heads to the count, and drinking to his next conquest. The count filled his cup, and replied, "Willingly, lords, willingly! To Blanche of Navarre!"

The brows of the Navarrese were suddenly contracted, and they turned their flashing looks upon each other. At length, one whose renown in arms saved him from the insignificance of vice, replied boldly,—"Sir Count of Foix, we welcome thee to our land as a distinguished stranger, skilled in the arts of love and the science of pleasure, well known for noble and for knightly deeds, courteous, and gay, and liberal; and we are willing to give all free scope to your pleasant fancies: but you know not our feelings, here in Navarre, to one whom you have just named. She is our native princess, and has grown up among us, under our own eyes, and amidst the love of all: smile not, sir count, for we will bear no trifling with her name. She has the love of all—of good and bad alike. But it is that pure and nobler which to the good is natural, and which, in the bosom of the bad, plants at least one good thing. Speak not of her with one vain hope or idle expectation. Her every thought is virtue; and the high spirit that dwells in that bright form is pure as a saint in heaven. We see all her actions—we know all her deeds. Is there sorrow—is there misfortune in the city or the land, there is Blanche of Navarre to be found, comforting, consoling, aiding. Is virtue, is honor, is noble generosity heard of, the voice of Blanche of Navarre is raised to give it praise. Is wrong committed, or injustice done, here is the tongue to plead for the oppressed, however mighty the oppressor; here the lip to call down punishment on the evil-doer, however great, however favored, however high. Is there, on the contrary, evil or vice; in whatever glittering robes arrayed, concealed under whatever specious form, though voiced with music and garlanded with flowers, sure is it to shrink from the face of Blanche of Navarre, as the birds of night fly from the keen eye of the searching day. I say to you, Count of Foix, smile not! Well do I know that my lip is all unfit to speak the praise of purity like hers; but I tell thee boldly, that, although in the late plague she sat beside the dying wretch, foul and fearful in all the livid horror of the pestilence, and bent her bright head over the bed of misery and of death, as well in the lowest cabin as within the palace walls, without one look of disgust or apprehension—I tell thee, she would shrink from thee and thy loose words as from toad, or adder, or any other noisome thing."

The count's cheek had grown flushed, his brow had contracted, and his eye had flashed, but such angry signs had passed by ere the other had done speaking, and he was ready to wear a smile, as he answered,—"Nevertheless, Don Ferdinand, I again say—to Blanche of Navarre! Never was woman born that might not be conquered; and I will either conquer her, or she shall conquer me. It is not alone for her beauty, though I own that never yet have my eyes beheld loveliness so unblemished as here—those perfect features, which the brightest dream of the Grecian sculptor never equalled; that calm, radiant eye, shining forth from its black lashes, like some bright, tranquil star pouring its peaceful light through a dark summer night; that cheek, where the ruddy hue of health, softened by delicate nurture, blooms like the bosom of a garden rose; that splendid form, where grace and rounded softness are ennobled by princely dignity and worthy pride—it is not alone for all this blaze of beauty, though well it might set a world again on fire; but it is because, as thou hast truly, though not courteously declared, she has already shown that *she would shrink from me as from some noisome thing*. For this do I say, that I will conquer her, or she shall conquer me; and I drink again to my next conquest, Blanche of Navarre! Ay! well I marked her," he continued, proceeding, after a little pause, ere any of the others could reply,—"ay! well I marked her, when the ambassador but named my name, draw down the corner of that lovely lip, and spread wide the scornful nostril! But she knew not Francis of Foix. However, let no broils, good friends, mar our fair revelry. Here is to all our loves, past, present, and to come: may they be many as the blades of grass which shall cover us when we be dead, or the cups of wine that we drink while we are living! Here is to all our loves, and to yours especially, Don Ferdinand de Leyda. Methought I caught a pair of bright, black eyes yesterday, in the court, following thee wheresoever thou didst turn. And,—ha! Don Ferdinand, was I not right?—a certain lady with a swan-like throat, robed in dark purple, and with many a gem in her hair and in her girdle?"

Although the brows of the Navarrese still remained somewhat contracted, harmony seemed sufficiently restored, and the revel was prolonged for many an hour. At length the guests began to separate, but the Count de Foix detained Don Ferdinand de Leyda for a moment in the vestibule; and, when they were alone, he said,—"Don Ferdinand, my good friend, you have this night said things which—as we know each other well and of yore—you must feel sure cannot pass by as idle wind. Let us not involve others in our quarrel, but let us meet, with a single page on either side, when, where, and with what weapons you will."

"To-morrow morning at daybreak," replied Don Ferdinand, calmly, "with pointed lances and our two swords, if it so please you, count. Then, for the place, let it be down in the meadows, on the other side of the river. You know the Tafalla gate?—go forth by that: my windows look upon the road, and I will soon overtake you. With one page, you say!—good night." And so they parted.

The sun shone bright through the long casements of the old palace of Pampeluna, chequering with misty light the pavements of its lordly halls; and from those casements could be seen, clear and distinct, the ring of mighty mountains, with their snow-covered tops, which swept round the capital of Navarre. Between them and the city lay, basking in the morning sunshine, that beautiful basin, with its richly cultivated slopes, known in all later times by the name of the Cup of Pampeluna; and glittering as it passed the city, which it half surrounds in one of its graceful bends, flowed the sweet Arga.

Blanche of Navarre had risen early from her couch, and had watched the wandering sun pour his first light from the pinnacles of the eastern hills into that mountain cup, in the centre of which rose up her brother's capital. She gazed from the windows in somewhat thoughtful, somewhat melancholy mood; for, in the short space of three days, she had been taught that her brother's palace was no longer to be a happy home for her—that her brother's bride looked not on her as a sister—and that jealousy of the power she had so willingly resigned, and envy of the love she so well merited, were the feelings that reigned in a heart which she had fondly hoped to find open to nobler and better affections. As she gazed, her eye lighted on what she imagined to be nothing more than some grooms exercising their master's horses; but in a few minutes she saw them turn, and spur at full charge against each other.

Even then she thought it no more than some wild youths, as was very customary, breaking a friendly lance in the meadows below; and she only wondered that they had not chosen the ordinary tilt-yard for the scene of their exploits. At the end of about half an hour, however, she heard a number of busy feet, passing along in the neighborhood of the chamber in which she sat, toward the apartments which had been assigned to the French ambassador and the noble gentlemen who had accompanied him, and many voices speaking in a low, quick tone. The first tidings which she obtained concerning the cause of those sounds, was from one of her own women, who ran in with an important face of wonder, exclaiming,—"Oh, lady! do you know that the Count de Foix has been killed by Don Ferdinand de Leyda?"

"God forbid!" replied Blanche,—"God forbid! He was sadly unprepared to die:" and she hastened out from her own chamber to the public apartments of the palace, to ascertain the truth of her maiden's story. The room she entered was that prepared for the morning meal of the royal household; and from some of the attendants present she learned that the count was not killed, though dangerously wounded. "He has been carried to his chamber, lady," replied the man, "and the surgeons are even now busily engaged extracting the lance's head, which has broken off in his shoulder."

"What has become of Don Ferdinand?" demanded Blanche. "Is he unhurt? for I have heard that this Count of Foix is famous for his skill in such encounters."

"He, too, is badly wounded," replied the man; "but they have borne him to his own house, and he is attended by surgeons there."

"Thus do bad men slay each other," said Blanche. "Some idle dispute, or licentious brawl, has, doubtless, brought them thus to the gates of death when they are least fitted to meet another life. God spare them this once! and perhaps the warning of pain and sickness may not be thrown away."

While she yet spoke, her brother and his bride, with several nobles in attendance, entered the hall. At the tidings of the evil which had befallen the Count de Foix, the young monarch expressed some sorrow, in courteous tones, toward the French lords around him; but, to the judgment of Blanche of Navarre, the grief of Isabel of Valois exceeded the bounds of that commiseration which her brother's wife might well display toward the libertine noble of her own land. She vowed that if the count died, she should hate Navarre; she called him the flower of courtesy and knighthood; and she declared her purpose of visiting his sick chamber. The young king bore it all with patience; for his beautiful bride, in all her proud loveliness, had at once assumed that mastery over him which weak minds ever yield to the strong when passion raises its voice against resistance. He marvelled not at the interest she expressed; he felt neither jealousy nor anger; and he ventured only to suggest that his fair bride would, when she visited the wounded man, take with her his sister Blanche. Isabel heard him with a flashing eye and an angry spot upon her fair cheek, but she dared not resist his will, so gently expressed; and bowing, with a scornful smile, to Blanche, she prayed her, in ironical terms, to give her the pleasure of her fair company after the meal was over.

No scornful word ever embittered the lips of Blanche of Navarre, and for her brother's sake she yielded at once. When the time came, followed by several others, they sought the chamber where the count lay ill; and those two fair girls approached the couch of sickness; but oh, with what a different air—and, oh, with what different feelings! They both spoke to him, but they spoke not alike; the words of Isabel were mingled of lightness, and grief, and tenderness—those of Blanche were calm and gentle, but tending to better thoughts. She read no homily, but she spoke with the voice of purity, and wisdom; and, while she told him that she sincerely wished his recovery, the last words of consolation which she addressed to him were such as awakened in his mind deep thoughts. She told him, that illness and wounds were not always misfortunes, and that often the sickness of the body wrought a cure in the diseases of the mind.

Thus saying, she turned to leave him; and Isabel of Valois, though she would fain have lingered, was obliged to follow also for very shame. When they were gone, the Count de Foix, upon his solitary couch of pain, fell into deep and somewhat curious meditation. He thought of the words that Blanche had spoken,—"that often the sickness of the body wrought a cure in the diseases of the mind." How could that be? he asked himself; and, as he thought of the words, the tone, the look, the surpassing loveliness of her who had spoken them, [illegible] upon his mind, like the beautiful objects of some splendid dream, and made the simple sentence that still rung in his ear seem like the words of prophecy. He paused and pondered; and, as he thought, the pain of his wound, severe as it was, was almost forgotten in the new and thrilling interest that grew upon his heart. He compared her, mentally, with the proud beauty who had stood beside her; and he could not but feel that, in the pure, bright lustre of her virtuous calmness, her loveliness acquired a dignity harmonious with itself, and far surpassing the haughty consciousness of her brother's wife.

He felt, too, that to take aught from the brilliant purity would be to rob her beauty of one half its splendor: he felt that—far beyond every thing that sweet lines or lovely coloring can produce—there shone, through every movement and through every look, the effulgence of a noble and a generous heart—the brightness of a gentle, innocent, unsullied mind. He asked himself, whether, even were it in his power, he would profane that sweet tabernacle with one evil thought? and still, as he pondered, her words came back into his ear, and again he asked himself, "could the sickness of the body really work a cure in the diseases of the mind?"

He put another question to his heart.—"Was the state in which he had so long lived a disease of the mind, or not? Was the prostitution of great talents and high qualities, unequalled powers of mind and body, and a heart once pure and virtuous—was it, or was it not, a malady?"—And the thoughts which such questions produced were painful, were agitating, were terrible. He strove to cast them from him, and to think as he had thought before. He strove to think of Isabel of Valois, and her too evident partiality; but still by her side, as fancy gave her picture to his eyes, rose up the brighter form of Blanche of Navarre, and outshone the other in the light of innocence and beauty. With the night came fever—the tamer of the strong spirit, the breaker of the wild imagination—and bowed him to its will. He struggled against its power during the livelong night; and, with a wandering mind and throbbing brain, tossed to and fro upon the couch. Morning found its great strength enfeebled; his strong sinews without power; his muscles relaxed; his face wan and pale; his eye dim and haggard. The support of the corporeal frame was gone from the spiritual being; and, like a rider who has lost the power of governing the wild horse that carries him, his mind was carried away to thoughts he had ever shunned, and his heart rested on many a painful, many a reproachful memory.

Continuation in our next.

THE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! brother, we have met again! what tedious years have past,
Since we strayed upon the breezy hills in careless boyhood last;
We parted, each elate with hope; wide seas between us rolled,
I sought in sultry eastern climes to gather heaps of gold,
And you consumed the midnight oil in themes abstruse and deep,
Striving to climb the topmost height of learning's thorny steep,
We roam once more dear brother, in our native glades and bowers,
And surely hopes were never crowned so brilliantly as ours.

I come enriched with countless wealth from India's spicy shore,
And in brilliant pomps and luxuries diffuse my lavish store,
While you the homage and the praise of learned men command,
And claim a noble rank amid the wise ones of the land:
Yet, brother, are we happy when we sit beside the hearth?
Do we breathe the tones of joyfulness, or smile the smiles of mirth?
No, no; your brow bespeaks a heart too ready to repine,
And well I know the feeling is reflected back in mine.

Dear brother, to our loved pursuits our constant thoughts we gave,
And never seemed the tenderness of faithful friends to crave;
You gathered classic treasures, and I sought for Mammon's spoil,
Uncheered by woman's gentle eye, by woman's kindly smile.
We gained our wish—but barren is the scene that round us lies;
We boast not friendship's cordial joy, or love's endearing ties;
We never thought of others in the summer that has gone,
And we stand, in life's dull wintry eve, unloved, unblest, alone.

Oh! if a parent's bliss were ours, how happy might we be,
Surrounded by the dear ones we had fondled on our knee!
With fatherly delight I might deck some blushing girl
In the brightly flashing diamond, or the softly gleaming pearl;
While you through learning's labyrinth might lead your ardent son
To grasp still higher honors than his gifted sire had won;
Our wives might smile beside us in their tenderness and truth,
And welcome in their offspring a second brighter youth.

Oh! brother, we have toiled in vain—we have not met success
In life's great aim—we have not reached the goal of happiness;
Yet our cold and selfish vanities still bind us to the sod,
Nor dare we put the world aside, and give ourselves to God;
The gentle charities of earth—the ties of wedded love—
These smoothe the path of man below, and guide his way above;
But we never sought them, brother, and our vaunted wealth and fame,
End in a splendid lonely hearth—a proud and empty name.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a young female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed, in starting, the third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except voluntarily that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the proposal for marriage.—But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard, to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed,) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark or the end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry without their own wills; and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Baltimore Farmer and Gardener.

SUGAR BEET AND MULBERRY CULTURE.

In order to gratify the many inquiries which have been made of us, we subjoin a copy of a letter which we addressed on the 26th of March last, to the Committee of Agriculture in the U. S. House of Representatives, in answer to certain queries propounded to us by that body. As subsequent experience has convinced us of the propriety of the views therein taken, we give it with renewed confidence.

MULBERRY GROVE.

Baltimore county, Md. March 26th, 1838.

SIR:—Your favor of the 24th inst. through Mr. Yorkee, enclosing a circular containing certain inquiries relative to "the culture of the mulberry and sugar beet, or either of them," reached me this morning; and as the committee, of which you are a member, require a prompt answer, I lose no time in replying to your several inquiries, and for perspicuity's sake shall do so in the order in which they are put.

"1. Are you acquainted with the culture of the mulbery and the sugar beet, or either of them?"

I am acquainted with the culture of both. I am extensively engaged in the culture of the mulberry, the *Morus multicaulis*, and have given several years close attention to the silk culture generally, having been early convinced that, of every branch of human industry, it is perhaps the best calculated to promote the happiness, increase the comfort of, and render our people prosperous; that, of all others, it is best suited to the peculiar condition of large portions of the soil of the old States, and to impart appreciation to those countless fields which by improvident tillage have been rendered comparatively valueless.

The sugar beet I have successfully cultivated, not with a view of sugar making, but as a vegetable for my table, and as food for my cattle: and I feel justified from my experience in saying, that of all the varieties of the beet family it is the best for the first purpose, being, from the great quantity of saccharine matter it contains, and the total absence of that earthy flavor peculiar to most beets, infinitely more acceptable to the generality of palates than any other. Indeed, as a table beet, so superior is it to all others, that I should never think of growing any other. As food for cattle and hogs, when the acreable product of nutritive matter is taken into the account, I believe it will be found to afford as much, if not more, substantial food than any other of the root family, and I am very certain that there is no other kind that such animals eat with more avidity, or on which they thrive better. For milch cows, when fed through the winter, in proportion of from half a bushel to a bushel a day in addition to their usual allowance of fodder or hay, I know of no food I think equal to them.—From their succulence, and the great quantity of saccharine matter they contain, they not only tend to increase the secretion of milk, but add immensely to its richness, and consequently to the quantity and quality of the cream. Cows thus treated will not only be found to keep in good condition, but to generously contribute toward the emoluments of the dairy. Horses, too, with the addition of a small portion of meal of any kind, or some one of the mill-stuffs, may be kept well through the winter to their work on three pecks a day. To render them acceptable to these latter animals, at first salt should be freely sprinkled over them; by [illegible]

[illegible] is competent to sustain, (which I think within the range of moderation,) we shall be able, in the proper place to arrive at the profit, which seems to be desired by the terminating clause of the question. Before I proceed further, it may be proper to dismiss the inquiry with respect to the "*quality*" of the Morus multicaulis; and I will do it in brief phrase. I consider its foliage equal to that of the best White Italian mulberry. Many persons consider it superior, but, so far as mere *quality* is concerned, I do not; for I hold it, that the leaves of the White Italian mulberry will make as good silk as it, and better, than any other variety. The *Morus multicaulis* leaves however, possess advantages over it, being nine or ten times larger, and, consequently lessening the expense of gathering and feeding in that ratio, which fact alone should preponderate over every other consideration.

To return to the "quality," and the "labor of culture and stripping." The labor of culture is not greater than that of a crop of corn, or that of roots of any kind. This brings me to the consideration of the fourth question which is:

"4th. What is the best mode of cultivating the mulberry; at what age may it be stripped; and what is its value, expense, and profit per acre?"

The ground destined for the culture of the mulberry should be thoroughly and deeply ploughed and pulverised. These things are necessary, be the species or variety of the mulberry whatsoever it may. If it be proposed to sow *the White Italian mulberry*, the seed bed should be well manured with barn-yard or stable manure and ashes, well raked so as to make it fine; then the seeds should be sown as thinly as possible, in drills, two feet apart. The mystery of the after-culture consists in keeping the bed clean of weeds, and the earth well stirred, from the time of planting until August. Should long continued droughts occur, the young plants should be watered of an evening—say twice a week.

(*To be continued.*)

The Silk Business.—Mr. Kenrick states in his "American Silk Grower," (which by the way, has gone to a second edition, thus early) that as long ago as 1831, more than $51,000 worth of sewing silk was made in Mansfield, Connecticut, alone. He thinks that the $2 a pound offered by several of the states, including our own, as a bounty, will fully pay the expense of raising and reeling: leaving the whole amount of silk as clear profit. Under these circumstances, and considering how congenial our climate is to the culture, we may reasonably look for a very considerable silk business among us in a few years. At present we pay, it seems, something like 20 millions yearly for foreign silks: to say nothing of mixt goods. In 1833, of 140 millions worth of silk goods made in France, 40 millions were sent out to us. And yet our silk is as good as theirs: what there is of it. The Chamber of Commerce, at Lyons, say so themselves.—*Boston Transcript.*

Atkinson's Evening Post AND Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1839.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of the "Wave" takes our *critique* of last week in *high dudgeon* and threatens us with a *lampoon*. We advise him to forbear, he has wasted ink enough already.

"Philanthropos" is informed that we cannot comply. His proposal is *foreign* to our plans. His lecture might benefit the country, though the rage of emigration seems sufficiently strong.

We beg to inform "H." that we have some doubts of the propriety of inflicting another article of that length upon the readers of "The Post and News." It has been treated at length, already, and as the subject is entirely *local*, some twenty-five thousand subscribers might feel themselves aggrieved.

"Banished Grief" shall appear next week.—The effusions of the author are ever welcome.

"J. S. C." we think is an old friend, we are pleased to see his *hand*, and like the jingle of his rhyme.—They revive the memory of "*the olden time.*"

"The Faithful Pastor" shall have an early insertion. It is written with touching simplicity, and yet with point and truth. It is to be regretted that so little of the poetry of the day, breathes of heaven, and we *therefore* desire the farther acquaintance of the author.

We respectfully request those who have been subscribers to both the News and the Post, and who now receive two copies of the joint publication, to notify us of the same at an early day.—One copy shall be stopped, and the surplus paid, placed to their credit.

OURSELVES.

Since the union of the Post and News we have received many complimentary notices, varied in their style; some have us "amalgamated," others "married," and whatever may be the nature of the *tie*, we are pleased to know that it *satisfies all parties*. We give the following as a specimen of the wit of the Susquehanna Register. He touches off our columns under the head of "Epitome of the Times," by the cognomen of "*little items*," very handsomely.

NEWSPAPER UNION.

Married, in the city of Philadelphia, on the 12th inst. after a courtship of one week, Mr. ATKINSON'S EVENING POST, to Mrs. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS. The already numerous families of both, are hereafter to be provided for by Mr. Atkinson, whose *Post* will remain at the *head* of the concern; and it is presumed that the union will result in a considerable *increase* of *little items* of *domestic News*.

Our friend of the Germantown Telegraph, can do as he pleases about the matter. We are somewhat independent. Though his phrase "*unreciprocated favors*," so far as relates to any indebtedness on our part, to his columns—smacks rather of the *enigmatical*.

The Daily Evening News of this city has been enlarged, and in appearance much improved. It is decidedly a neat sheet. M. H. Andrews, Esq. is the editor and proprietor.

THE MURDER CASE—THE RESULT.

The Jury, in the case of Chauncey, Nixon, and Armstrong, returned a verdict on Monday last, of murder in the second degree, against Chauncey, and an acquittal as to Nixon and Armstrong.

There never was, perhaps, a case of more interest tried in Philadelphia. Every individual seemed to have taken sides against the prisoners, and even with the decision of the jury [illegible] were, and are, unsatisfied. But those who have been acquitted have had a full and we hope impartial trial. The proper tribunal of the country has settled the question, as to their guilt and innocence. Many of course will, and all should, entertain their own opinion.—Thought is free. But what we deprecate, and what every man should denounce, is the outbreak of popular sentiment in wanton violation of constitutional rights. It is openly asserted that Nixon should leave the place. Perhaps it would be better to do so, but no man should, no man has the *right* to force it [illegible]. Our own opinion is that the vengeance of the law has fallen upon its proper victim, though we by no means acquit the others of moral turpitude. So far as Chauncey is concerned, the verdict of the jury meets the approval of all. We have heard no dissenting voice. He has had the full measure of his deserts—no more, and he affords a wholesome example, to all time to come of the folly, shame, and wickedness of the course of conduct for which he suffers.

We understand that a motion for a new trial has been made by the counsel of Chauncey, but that it will not be argued [illegible] term, consequently the sentence will not be passed until the [illegible], should the counsel fail in establishing [illegible].

COURT MARTIAL.

The Boston Post Says:—"The Naval Court Martial, sitting at Charlestown, have postponed the trial of Percy [illegible], [illegible] charged with striking a superior officer [illegible] until the records of the former Court can be received from Washington."

The highest chimney in England, has just been erected in Mr. Muspratt's chemical works at Newton. It is three hundred and ninety-[illegible] feet from the base to the summit.

HARRISBURG.

But little business of interest has been transacted this week at Harrisburg. The time has principally been occupied in discussing the propriety of passing a resolution for the payment of those persons employed as Sergeants at Arms during the late disturbance. Several amendments were offered and lost, and it was finally re-committed. This was done on account of some of the persons named in the report having, by letter to the Speaker, declined to take pay under the circumstances. A resolution was offered, that the members (but subsequently amended so as to exclude those who were members of the Convention,) and officers be furnished with a copy of the Debates of the Reform Convention, which was discussed at some length, and finally not agreed to. The vote stood yeas 44, nays 52. A resolution was subsequently offered, to purchase fifty copies of the Debates for the use of the House, which was not disposed of.

RENTS IN NEW YORK.

One of the front rooms in the new building of the Bank of the United States in Wall street, has been rented at the rate of four thousand dollars per annum, for a term of years, and others are ready to take it at the same price, should the present tenant think proper to retire. The Journal of Commerce says: "There is a great rush for stores and offices in the most central positions, and advances of twenty-five to a hundred per cent. are paid on the prices of last year. In some instances more has been obtained than in any previous year. Rents in Wall street around the Exchange are much higher than ever before, if we except the momentary rush caused by the great fire."

A FOUNDLING.

A female infant, some four or five days old, was on Monday night last, left on the door steps of Mr. F. Blackburne's house, in Spruce street, between Schuylkill Seventh and Eighth streets. The following letter addressed to "F. Blackburne, Esq. *Present*." was found with the infant:

"Dear Sir,—The parents of this child, being too poor to provide for its support, have been induced, from your well known kindness of disposition and fondness for children, to bestow it upon you."

Our cotemporary of the Ledger gently intimates that Mr. B. "notwithstanding the highly complimentary note which accompanied the *delicate charge*, considered it not intended to *lie at his door*." It was sent to the Almshouse, to be provided for at the public expense.

BENEVOLENT.

The meeting for the purpose of collecting funds for the Society for improving the condition and elevating the character of industrious females, was numerously and respectably attended. The meeting was held at the Third Presbyterian Church in Pine street. [illegible]

[illegible]

ones, seemed to resist every remedial aid, on account of the extreme irritability of the stomach. WM. ARMSTRONG, M. D.

Affirmed and subscribed, Oct. 17, 1838, before JOHN BINNS, Alderman.

I have carefully read the statement of Dr. Armstrong, and know it to be, in all particulars, just and correct, and that the whole of the statement, to which I have subscribed my name, is just and true.

I desire further to add, that I have no knowledge that the above named patient was enciente.

F. CHAUNCEY, M. D.

Affirmed and subscribed, Oct. 17, 1838, before JOHN BINNS, Alderman.

A large number of witnesses were produced, and gave excellent characters for both Chauncey and Armstrong.

The prisoners were defended with great ability, while the prosecution was characterised by an equal degree of argument, eloquence and power. At 11 o'clock on Saturday, Judge King delivered his able charge to the Jury, recognising the principle, that the death of a mother caused by an attempt to produce abortion, was murder in the second degree; even though the person making such attempt did not intend to take the life of the mother; but if he did so intend, the murder would be in the first degree. The charge was listened to with intense interest, and we regret that our limits prevent our entering into it in detail.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE, Wednesday, Jan. 16.

After some unimportant business, the orders of the day were called, Mr. Calhoun being entitled to the floor, gave views at some length upon the subject of the Public Lands. Mr. Calhoun is for ceding the public lands to the several States where the public lands are.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, followed in reply and opposed both the principles of cession, and the plan of reduction.

After Mr. Bayard had concluded, the bill was ordered to be engrossed, 27 to 23—two Senators opposed to the bill being absent.

The Senate then went into Executive session, and adjourned.

THE HOUSE, took up the subject of the Swartwout Defalcation. Mr. Underwood, of Ky. resumed and concluded his remarks—discussing subjects of general interest to the country, and commenting severely upon the general conduct of the Administration.

Mr. Fry, of Pa. defended the Administration in reply, and was followed by Mr. Lyon, of Ala. on the same side.

Mr. Biddle spoke next, and answered Mr. Fry.

Mr. Toucy, of Conn. followed on in the discussion, defending the Administration, and endeavoring to throw off the responsibility from the Administration upon the Whigs, on the ground, as he said, that Swartwout was an opposition man.

Mr. Wise replied to some personal remarks in explanation made by Mr. Toucy.

Mr. Toucy continued and spoke at length.

THURSDAY, Jan. 17.

SENATE.—After the transaction of the morning business, the bill for the graduation and reduction of the price of public lands came on its third reading. Messrs. Clay, Calhoun, Buchanan, Niles, Benton and King addressed the Senate, and the question on the passage of the bill being taken, resulted—ayes 27, nays 22.

HOUSE.—The morning hour was occupied by calling for resolutions, after which, the defalcation of Swartwout was incidentally taken up, and Mr. Duncan, of Ohio, took the floor in [illegible]

[illegible]

Written for the Saturday Evening Post and News.

THE MAID AND THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

BY. J. W. [illegible]

"O! Spirit of Youth, say where have you fled;
Have you gone to the land where [illegible] the dead,
The regions of darkness or shadow,—or where
Live the demons of sorrow—fiends of despair?"
The Spirit replied in a deep hollow voice:
"Nay proud one, no longer in youth you'll rejoice
No more from your lips shall the gay song arise,
And dim'd is the lustre that beam'd in your eyes."
"O! Spirit of Youth, return once again;
I'll bow to thy altar, erect thee a fane;
Return, O! return, with thy quick buoyant step,
The offering of thankfulness ever accept."
The Spirit then warbled its notes in reply;
"Thou fair one, thy young one no longer; good by
I resign my bright sceptre, to age's dull sway,
Who e'en now is sprinkling thy black locks with gray,
Thy cheek's lost forever vermillion's sweet hue,
Thy wrinkles are many, thy teeth are but few."
Thus said the spirit, and its azure wings spread,
Far from the vain one, its wand'ring course sped,
And left her to mourn that her charms were no more,
Gone was that sweet face, that pleas'd as of yore.
A Spectre came up, of most hideous form,
Dark was his brow, as the deep gath'ring storm;
And roughly this maiden he claim'd as his own;
His voice was as dread, as of hell the dread tone:
"I am," cried this monster, "old hoary hair'd Time
Thou'rt Youth's now no longer. I claim thee as mine."

Philadelphia, Jan. 14, 1839.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

By the Packet ship Albany, from Havre, Capt. Johnson, we have received files of Havre papers to the 18th ult. and Paris papers to the day previous. The Albany sailed on the 19th.

FRANCE.

PARIS, December 18, 1838.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

"*Gentlemen of the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies.*

"Since your last session the prosperity of France has been but increased; the repose which she enjoys has been but consolidated.

"It is gratifying to me in finding myself again in the midst of you, to have but to demand your support for still farther improving a general situation which is already so favorable.

"My relations with foreign powers are still as satisfactory as ever; France occupies the rank which belongs to her in the esteem of her allies and in that of the whole world.

"The conferences have been resumed in London on the affairs of Belgium and Holland; I entertain no doubt that they will have a speedy and pacific issue, by giving a new guarantee to the independence of Belgium, and to the repose of Europe.

"In Italy the Austrian troops have quitted the Roman states. Conformably to the convention made with the holy see, our troops have evacuated Ancona. The military occupation has ceased in the states in whose independence France is so highly interested.

"Spain is still a prey to the same convulsions, the same misfortunes. We continue to execute with our allies all the clauses of the treaty [illegible]

[illegible]

THE FRENCH AND THE MEXICANS.—$300,000, at par, is something higher than former sales.

At length we have from an imperial source, and in an authentic shape, an account of the late affair between the Mexicans and the French, on shore, at and near Vera Cruz. It will be found in the following interesting letter from Capt. Farragut, of the U. S. Navy, which we received yesterday from one of our New Orleans correspondents.—*Boston Courier, National Intelligencer.*

DEAR SIR:—I herewith send you an account of the attack on the town of Vera Cruz, by the French, on the morning of the 5th inst. The statement, such as it is, was collected from the foreigners who remained in the town, and the French officers themselves; the latter, however, do not give Santa Anna so much credit for his conduct as the former.

On the morning of the 4th ult. it was announced that Gen. Langlois, de Santa Anna had been ordered to succeed Gen. Rincon, and that we were about to be declared, by Gen. Conde Gardner, Farragut, and Mr. Hargous, (the consul) entirely ignorant on the new order of things—instead, to ascertain the footing on which the American citizens would be placed. He, regarded as friendly, was asked to meet, and replied to their interrogatories, that "every respect would be paid to the American flag," and the Mexican Government had disapproved of the capitulation of the town, made by Gen. Rincon, and had directed his (Rincon's) recall to Mexico. Such declarations were made to the consul, who, with directions to notify the French admiral that it was the determination of the Mexican Government to repel the republic rather than yield any one point for which they had contended; with a request that a steamer might be sent to Admiral Baudin." He also stated that, "as the town was untenable, he would probably be as well to embark the Americans till things were more settled."

So soon as the dispatch was received by Admiral Baudin, three boats were asked for and granted; and during the afternoon, all the foreigners, with the exception of those who refused to the castle—the Americans, and several others, on board the Brandywine.

At 4 A. M. the boats of the French squadron, containing their marines and the fifteen hundred men, attacked the town under cover of a very heavy fire from the castle, and the vessels of war on the Mole, and in the fort.

They landed in three divisions—at the North and South forts, and in the centre at the Mole commanded by Admiral Baudin in person—Their supposition was that the town had been blowing up of the gate. In a few moments they had possession of the north fort, (which no one did not exceed four hundred; and so scattered, that they made no stand whatever,) and then, unretreated to the barracks on the south of the city, where they were over-powered by numbers, and escaped from his lead by the roof of the adjoining house, while the guard at his door were disposing of the invaders at the entrance of the French; nor did they succeed, until they were joined by the rest of the force of the Mexicans fled to save the property of their Generals' families.

So soon as the Prince de Joinville, who led this party, succeeded in securing Gen. Arista, who was in bed at the time of the attack, on the next room to Santa Anna, and recovered he had just missed of Santa Anna, who had escaped and rushed to the attack of the barracks, where he learned the fate of his family, and that the fort was, however, warmly received, and repulsed; and after a few discharges of musketry from them; and General Santa Anna continued to harrass the French from the fort, till they reached the Mole, where he assembled about two hundred and fifty of his men, and made a push in order to get to the gate of the city, but fortunately for the latter, they had a small field piece on the head of the Mole, which they commanded with grape and canister, and, as the Mexicans were marched, and in order, that is most gallant style, they discharged the fatal piece, and left no doubt on the minds of those on the Mexican fire was principally levelled.

By the discharge, General Santa Anna lost his left leg, and received a ball in the right arm; it killed three officers and three men, and wounded ten officers and fifty men. The loss of progress for the moment, and the French succeeded in completing their entrance into the Admiral's command was last at vast to various parts of his body. Two horses were killed at his side, and beside him. The loss of the French is estimated at about fifteen or eighteen killed, and fifty wounded, the proportion of officers is very great. The loss of the Mexicans, so far as I can learn, is not known, but it is very small, which is really accounted for, as they fought under cover of the houses, and the fire of the sailors, who were pressed, gave them great credit, for, as I understand from the Prince de Joinville said, "they defended their barricades most gallantly."

The last, and perhaps the most gallant act of General Santa Anna's life, has done much to re-establish the character of the Mexican soldiery. Since the amputation of his leg, which is doing well, he has found time to write and dictate the command. The French say their object in the attack was to spike the guns of the fort, to prevent their annoying them in another, and to knock down the gate of the Mole, which they had submitted to me, not attacked the barracks they would have accomplished their object with comparatively no loss, but as it is, they are the best judges whether or not the object was worthy of sacrifice.

It has been said that the Mexicans abandoned, and they will find them more ready and willing to fight another time than they were on this occasion, and I believe truly, that their surprise on the part of the French was complete, and that General Santa Anna directed his officers to, by no means, annoy or molest the men of the civil service o'clock, but that he anticipated an attack from the French on the consular and the messenger left the ship. But in all the there is much truth in the statement, that the Mexican of having violated those faith by arresting some of their officers at the city gates, &c. After the retreat of the French from their respective vessels, the Prince de Joinville in the Urraka, and two of the boats of the fleet under the castle, directed a very heavy bombardment of the town that night, and the next forenoon and the barracks, with a view to destroy them, but the fire did not cut the least success, as there were two or three very massive buildings intervening.

The loss of the Mexicans, in particular, was very much injured. At two P. M. they ceased firing, and from that time to sunset the streets every thing has remained perfectly tranquil.—The Mexicans engaged in the defence of the town under the Castle and the hospital ship under the command of Gen. Rincon, who is now to be the Admiral of the 9th ult. for winter quarters.

The above is the account furnished by Admiral Baudin's proclamation of the 2nd ult. to be open to enter, but not to land goods; the vigilant at people at the Custom House, and on board the vessel and cargo. Tampico and other ports are declared in a state of blockade commencing

I am, with great respect your obedient serv't,
D. G. FARRAGUT, Lieut. Com'dt.

FROM TEXAS.

The arrival of the steamship Alamina places us in possession of Texas papers to the 5th inst. We learn from the Houston Telegraph of the 5th, that a letter had been received in that city from Goliad, count, ing the intelligence that there were, at the date of the letter, 1,500 armed reading parties of Texan citizens west of the Nueces, engaged in the murdering of Mexicans. The citizens of Goliad were exasperated on this account, determined to kill every Mexican in the Canal land if the Mexicans did not cease the whole of the party engaged in the murders, or else escaped into the hands of the Mexicans.

HOLLAND.

Gen. Skrzynecki has been appointed by the King of the Netherlands Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian papers contain letter contains that several officers of War, at the Belgian army, have been dismissed or attached, and ordered to remain in their corps ordered to march.

RUSSIA.

The Augsburg Gazette contains a letter dated St. Petersburg, 2d inst. which, after stating that the Emperor Nicholas had been ill, but was now convalescent, and that the Grand Duke Alexander had left for Moscow, to be present at the coronation of the Empress, adds: "The Emperor intending a general review of the troops of the line assembled in the environs of Warsaw, and which will take place in the month of August next, has ordered that the Grand Duke Constantine shall not leave Petersburg, but remain with the Empress during her confinement, which is expected to take place in the month of May next."

FRANCE.

PARIS, December 10, 1838.

The Chamber of Peers assembled on the 5th inst. to consider the propositions which had been laid before them. The first was to grant a pension to Marshal Soult, to enable him to live in a manner suitable to the high rank he has filled in the army, and to the glory he has acquired by his military services. The second was to grant a pension to Marshal Gerard, with the same object in view. The third was to grant a pension to Count Molé, to enable him to support the dignity of President of the Council of Ministers. The fourth was to grant a pension to Count Mortier, Duke of Treviso, to enable his widow and children to support the rank which he had held in the army. The fifth was to grant a pension to Count Sebastiani, to enable him to support the dignity of Ambassador at London. The sixth was to grant a pension to Count Pelet de la Lozere, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The seventh was to grant a pension to Count Roguet, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The eighth was to grant a pension to Count Gazan, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The ninth was to grant a pension to Count Reille, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The tenth was to grant a pension to Count Lobau, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The eleventh was to grant a pension to Count Bertrand, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twelfth was to grant a pension to Count Drouot, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The thirteenth was to grant a pension to Count Valée, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The fourteenth was to grant a pension to Count Rapp, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The fifteenth was to grant a pension to Count Pajol, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The sixteenth was to grant a pension to Count Excelmans, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The seventeenth was to grant a pension to Count Molitor, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The eighteenth was to grant a pension to Count Lauriston, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The nineteenth was to grant a pension to Count Mortier, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twentieth was to grant a pension to Count Sebastiani, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twenty-first was to grant a pension to Count Pelet de la Lozere, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twenty-second was to grant a pension to Count Roguet, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twenty-third was to grant a pension to Count Gazan, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twenty-fourth was to grant a pension to Count Reille, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twenty-fifth was to grant a pension to Count Lobau, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twenty-sixth was to grant a pension to Count Bertrand, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twenty-seventh was to grant a pension to Count Drouot, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twenty-eighth was to grant a pension to Count Valée, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The twenty-ninth was to grant a pension to Count Rapp, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The thirtieth was to grant a pension to Count Pajol, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The thirty-first was to grant a pension to Count Excelmans, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The thirty-second was to grant a pension to Count Molitor, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France. The thirty-third was to grant a pension to Count Lauriston, to enable him to support the dignity of Peer of France.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES,

PHILADELPHIA EPITOME.

The Case of Dr. Dyatt.—The Court has suspended Tuesday, the 5th day of February, in the A. M. for hearing the opponents to the application of Dr. Dyatt, heard on Friday last for benefit of the Insolvent Act.

The Managers of the Philadelphia Dispensary, on the 15th inst. chose the following officers.—Treasurer, Samuel Norris; Attending Physicians, Samuel Jackson, Samuel D. Boyer, S. Patterson, William L. Knight, Edward G. Davis, Carter N. Berkeley, Edmund C. Evans, and Dr. Joseph Warrington, physician to the Lying-in Department. Consulting Physicians and Surgeons—Drs. Hugh L. Hodge, Joseph Parrish, Joseph G. Nassereide, Jacob R. Smith, Dr. Swinburne.—*Ledger.* M. D.

Robbery.—The shoe store of Mr. Meeker, at the corner of Eleventh and Callowhill streets, was broken open on Saturday morning last, and boots and shoes, to the amount of between $50, were taken. The thieves obtained entrance by boring a hole through the shutter and then forcing back the bolt. The nail was nailed down, and to get at the nails they were obliged to bore a hole in the door, after they first pasted a cloth over, so that the glass in the broken, would adhere to the cloth and make no noise by falling.

Chapter of Casualties.—Near Germantown, on the Valley Road, Friday morning, 16th inst., man named Patrick Conroy, whilst excavating for a gravel bank, was killed by the bank of the bank falling in upon him. He was brought to the hospital in Spring Garden, where he is doing well.

The the Valley Railroad, about 2 miles above this city, on Saturday last, a man named Thomas Dyrne, aided blasting rocks, had his body shockingly mangled by the explosion of one of the charges, causing the regular rein. She left three small children.

A Fat Child.—The Lowell Courier describes a girl five years old, who has arrived here from Marion, N. H. on her way to Boston. She weighs 140 lbs. She is the daughter of Mr. Wood, and to weight 165 lbs. She is moreover quite plump and symptoms.

Illegitimates in France.—By a table recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences by a member, appears that in 1826, in 1,000 births, 74,737 were illegitimates, and that in 1836 the proportion was 78,300 out of 1,000 births.

A Dreadful Death.—A young man named James Bedford, committed suicide at Erwa few miles from Elmira, N. Y. on Saturday last, by cutting his throat with a razor, which he however failed to accomplish. A Coroner's Jury was called upon the body, charged two persons with having given the deceased a quart of liquor, and the other for negligence, but they were discharged, and exempted from any blame whatever.

German Immigrants.—We have received letters from Bremen wherein it is mentioned, that early upwards of 700 persons, bound to the United States, were ready to emigrate to the U. States. They are Lutherans, stirring themselves "the old Lutheran Confession of Faith, and have their native country, Saxony, on account of religious persecution, and intend to settle in some of the Western States. They are an industrious set of people, and are said to be in possession of more than half a million of dollars. The party consists principally of farmers and mechanics, including sixteen ministers of the gospel, and four schoolmasters.—*Pittsburgh paper, Dec. 1, 1838.*

An Anti-Malthusian.—Sir George Tuthill relates a case of an Asiatic Russian, who had, by his first wife, eight, nine sets of twins, at several births, and by his second, eighteen at eight births; eighty-seven children in all.

The Cleveland Herald of the 13th inst. observes "This January thaw is a warm one. Lake closed on the 1st—starter—Pa.—on the 2nd, and died in the triumph of the 16th.

Launch.—Miss Virginia Duncan, daughter of the late Mr. George Billington.

On the 15th inst. M. FRANCIS CLINTON, in the 52d year of his age.

On the 15th inst. at Bordentown, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Joseph Hoppock, Esq. formerly of Hoppockstown, Somerset county, New Jersey, in the 69th year of her age.

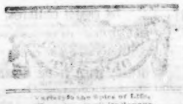
On the 16th inst. by Rev. S. W. Fuller, Mr. Alexander Jones, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Martin Boehm, Mr. Samuel Hoffman, to Miss Mary Ann Kreutz, daughter of Thomas Carr.

DEATHS.

On the 7th inst. at her residence in Fredericksburg, Va. Mrs. Mary Ann H. Stanard, wife of Dr. Edmund Stanard, Esq.—The deceased was beloved by a large circle of friends and relatives, and by all who knew her as an amiable husband, and four children to deplore her loss.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Thomas Lamplugh, to Miss Ann Jane Hall, all of this city



[illegible]

The London correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says that Tom Campbell, the author of The Pleasures of Hope, has addressed the following lines against "The Star Spangled Banner." They appeared in the Morning Chronicle of the 6th of November:

[illegible]

FRIENDS.

Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed; the seal of death the only seal of friendship. No wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who loved us and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last. The regret we feel at such affliction has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed to our fellow creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection; and, secondly, for the gratitude with which we repay it—to the memory of those we lost; but the regret we prove at alienation or unkindness of those we trusted and loved, is so mingled with bitter feelings, that they sear the heart, dry up the fountain of kindness in our breast and disgust us with human nature, by wounding our self-love in its most vulnerable part—the showing that we have failed to excite affection where we had lavished ours. One may learn to bear this uncomplainingly, and with outward calm; but the impression is indelible, and he must be made with different materials to the generality of men, who does not become a cynic, if he becomes nothing worse, after suffering such a disappointment.—*Byron.*

THE ODD FAMILY.

In the reign of King William the Third, there resided at Ipswich a family distinguished by the name of the Odd Family. Every event, remarkably good or bad, happened to this family on the odd day of the month, and every member had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behaviour. The husband's name was Peter, and his wife's Rabah; they had seven children, all boys, viz: Solomon, Roger, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his sight by accident. James had his ear bit off in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand, Jonas had a stump foot, and David was humpbacked. All these except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet one inch high at the age of nineteen. The stump-footed Jonas and the humpbacked David got wives of fortune, but no girl in the borough would listen to the addresses of their brothers. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white; yet all the children's hair was red. The husband was killed by accidentally falling into a deep pit in the year 1701; and his wife refusing all kind of sustenance, died five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was wounded in 33 places he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, it appears by the church registers, died in different places, and were buried on the same day, in the year 1713 and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames, in the year 1723.—*London Star.*

FALLING IN LOVE.

We never knew until now the precise meaning of the term "falling in love." The Boston Journal has been the means of instructing us on this subject, as the annexed will show.

Quick Work.—A young lady was passing through Cornhill during the cold weather about the latter part of last month, when the side walks were slippery with ice, and while gazing too intently on a print in one of the shop windows, her feet slipped, and she fell, although in the most graceful manner possible, prostrate on the sidewalk. A young gentleman was within arm's length of her at the time and vainly endeavored to save her from falling. With commendable gallantry, however, he assisted the fair one, who "blushed celestial, rosy red," to recover her feet. Her ancle, and the young gentleman was aware that it was a beautiful one, was slightly sprained—which served him as an excuse for accompanying her to her place of abode. On the way she was compelled to lean upon him in a manner, which, under other circumstances, she would have considered rather indecorous, especially as her companion was a stranger—but this he did not take in high dudgeon—on the contrary, he seemed quite delighted, and exerted himself to be as agreeable as possible, and to relieve the embarrassment which she evidently felt, at the awkward mishap which had befallen her. He left her at the door of her father's mansion—and begged and received permission to call again and enquire after her health.

He called the next day—and was received with much cordiality. She seemed truly grateful for the timely assistance he had rendered her—and it is well known that gratitude is akin to love. On the other hand, he was captivated by her charms—and took an early opportunity to point out to her the importance and propriety of her having a guide and protector always near her, to avert impending danger and stay her steps when falling. She listened to his logic, and admitted that his conclusions were correct—and has consented to receive him as a guide through life! The wedding day is already fixed—from the personal merits and character of the parties, there can be little doubt that their union will be the precursor of domestic happiness.—*Boston Journal.*

POWER.—The powerful will always be unjust and vindictive. M. de Vendome said pleasantly on this subject, that when the troops were on the march, he had examined the quarrels between the mules and their drivers, and that, to the shame of humanity, reason was always on the side of the mules. M. Duverney, so learned in natural history, knew by the inspection of the tooth of an animal if he was carnivorous or granivorous. He used to say, "Show me the tooth of an unknown animal, and I will judge of his habits." By his example a moral philosopher could say, "Mark to me the degree of power with which a man is clothed, and by that power I shall judge of his quality."

YANKEE COURTSHIP.—Jonathan Bombatter saw Prudence Fennell at meeting. Jonathan walked up to Prudence after meeting, and she said a sided up.—He went closer, and axed her if she would accept the crook of his elbow. She resolved she would, and plumped her arm right round in it. Jonathan felt all overish, and [illegible] "[illegible] wish you're than hot," [illegible]. Prudence [illegible] that [illegible] Jonathan [illegible] but [illegible] with a puzzle. A [illegible] snorting, which warn't notin. Prudence guessed strawberries and cream were such. Jonathan thought they warn't so slick as Pru's lips. "Now dont" said Pru, and she guv Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug. He was a little startled, but thought his arm wanted some female help to look after the [illegible]. Pru know how to make real good bread. "Now don't" said Pru. "If I should," said Jonathan. "Now don't" said Pru. "Maybe you would?"—and Jonathan stuck all over, and Prudence replied, "if you be [illegible] that game, you'd better tell fayther." "That's just what I want," said Jonathan, and in [illegible] Jonathan and Prudence were "[illegible]" [illegible].

A [illegible].—On a cold [illegible] day, during our passage from La Pera to [illegible], the [illegible] being deluged with water, a Porto Praya monkey, a favorite of mine, came to the [illegible], and as the most [illegible] it stood at the [illegible], dripping with salt water, and looking the picture of distress, at the same time [illegible] the warm air, [illegible] from [illegible] I [illegible] the first object of its attention was the [illegible], never having seen one before; but approaching too near, it slightly [illegible] to me, and quickly retreated, looking [illegible] at the [illegible]; finally it sprung to the top of the table, chirping about from one place to another, unfortunately alighting on the stove, where it danced for a second or two, [illegible] precipitately down, and came to me showing its paws, which were scorched [illegible] and apparently asking for relief. I rubbed them with oil, at which the animal appeared to be relieved; it then quickly took its station as close to me as possible, testifying unquestionably, as much about gratitude as any human being would have [illegible] in a similar situation.—*Roberts's Embassy to the East.*

WOMAN'S WIT, OR LOVE'S DISGUISES.

[illegible]

A large six feet yawkee, who had his legs run at least nine inches too far through his breeches, with a loaf of gingerbread under his arm, and as much in his fist, one end of which he had just drawn from between his teeth, leaving his mouth filled, was met by a gentleman in Natchez in the middle of the street, of whom he inquired in a whining tone, "Have you seen any thing of daddy?" "No!" replied the gentleman.—"Well darnation seize daddy, I told him he'd lose me!" and our hero crying as he proceeded, half bent, sticking the ginger bread in his countenance at an alarming rate.—*Western paper.*

THE EYE.—A person may discipline the muscles of the face, and he may control the voice; but there is something in the eye beyond the will, and we frequently find it giving the tongue the lie direct.

NIGHT THE PROPER PERIOD FOR SLEEP.

Valangin relates a circumstance which satisfactorily proves the advantage of sleeping during the night instead of the day. It was an experiment made by two colonels of horse, in the French army, who had disputed much which period of the twenty-four hours was the fittest for marching and for repose. As this was a very interesting subject, in a military point of view, to have it ascertained, they obtained leave from the commanding officer to try the experiment. One of them although it was in the heat of summer, marched in the day and rested at night—he arrived at the termination of six hundred miles without the loss of either men or horses—the other, who conceived it would be less fatiguing to march during the cool of the evening and part of the night, than in the heat of the day, at the end of the same march, had lost many of his horses and men.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.—The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III.; a tailor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among his workmen was a fellow who was always singing "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "Nancy Dawson." The design had the desired effect, the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

Scrap-Book.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CALENDAR YEAR.

A year is that space of time occupied apparently by the sun in performing his course through the twelve signs of the zodiac; but in strictness by the earth in making the entire revolution of its own orbit; which is indiscriminately called the natural, solar, or tropical year, to distinguish it from the astronomical and numerous other denominations of years.

Our civil year begins on the 1st of January, excepting in some few cases, in which it still commences on the 25th of March, "the Annunciation," as it used generally to do in this country until the year 1752; while the Church still, as to her solemn service, renews the year on the first Sunday in Advent, which is always that next to or on St. Andrew's day. In Scotland the year was, by a proclamation which bears date so early as the 27th of November, 1599, ordered thenceforth to commence in that kingdom on the 1st of January, instead of the 25th of March.

Our ancestors, after the establishment of Christianity, usually began their year at Christmas, and reckoned their era from their incarnation, until the reign of William the Conqueror, when a new mode was observed for some time and the year of our LORD JESUS, was seldom mentioned, that of William being substituted in its stead. At subsequent periods we again reverted to the ancient custom, both as regarded the commencement of the year and the mode of calculating from the nativity; and although in later ages the time of beginning the year has varied, the expression of anno Christi, the year of Christ, anno Domini, the year of our Lord; or that yet more emphatical term, anno gratiæ, the year of grace, have been continued down to the present moment.

The English word year, originally *geere*, comes from the Saxon. In each of the three classical languages it is expressed as a circle; in the Hebrew, *shabad*, in the Greek *eniautos* and in the Latin, *annus*, in which latter also the diminutive *annulus* signifies a small circle or a ring. The Egyptians too represented the year by a snake with the tail in its mouth, thereby forming a circle, whence perhaps the name of zodiac, or the course, or imaginary circle made by the sun: and in hieroglyphics we now understand time, or a year, and sometimes even eternity to be so depicted.—*Protestant Episcopalian.*

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.—The late Bishop of Capsa, M. Bruguiere, having been appointed Vicar Apostolic and head of the Catholic mission in Corea, traversed the most important parts of the Chinese Empire, in the Chinese dress and aided by Chinese Christians, to Tartary, before he could reach his destination. The journal of his travels has been published in the Annales de la Propagation de la Foi, No. 50. In the course of his journey he passed the great wall, his description of which is somewhat at variance with that of preceding travellers. "On the 7th of October, 1834, we arrived at the great wall, so highly extolled by those who knew nothing about it, and so emphatically described by those who have never seen it. This and the other wonders of China, should only be seen in pictures, to maintain their reputation. The great wall has nothing remarkable but its length, which is about 1500 miles; its principal direction is from east to west, but a little to the north of Sianse it winds to the west-southwest. This rampart, formerly covered with bricks, which have tumbled down, forms the frontier of three or four provinces, each of which would, in Europe be a considerable kingdom. In the plains and ravines it is a regular wall fenced with battlements, between thirty and forty feet high; on the mountains I doubt if its height exceeds ten feet; indeed, on the heights it is little more than a ridge of earth, flanked by numerous projections like redoubts, but there is no person to guard them. There are gates at regular intervals for the convenience of travellers, and the levy of transit duties. I passed through the gate called Chan Tchakou, (Changkeckou,) on the road to Pekin. No one paid the least attention to me: the guards turned their backs, as if to give encouragement to me and my followers. Were a more rigorous watch kept, it would be easy to cross the wall on the mountains, or through the breeches which time has made."—*Asiatic Journal.*

PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON,

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

"The fashion of [illegible]," says this elegant writer, in his letters on the genius of Lord Byron, "has a necessary tendency to draw forth those candidates for distinction, whose talents are best fitted to shine in the career most favored. I think it was fortunate for that love of distinction, with which Lord Byron certainly burned, that the date of his birth agreed with the character of his genius. His temper, his heart, his mind, were all violent. He would not have excelled in what was calm: the intensity of his colors would have been too extravagant for sober and temperate reflection.

"It is true, indeed, of Lord Byron, that though his are commonly first and unmodified impressions, they are the first and unmodified impressions of a most powerful mind, and of a heart of gratitude, though not always tender sensibility. He is never, or scarcely ever, affected: he is never touched by what is trifling, insipid, or unworthy of exciting emotions:—taste and strong intellect, though often without temperate reason, mix themselves up in all his mental movements.

"Lord Byron had a stern, direct, severe mind; a sarcastic, disdainful, gloomy temper; he had no light sympathy with heartless cheerfulness; upon the surface was sourness, discontent, displeasure, ill will;—beneath all this weight of clouds and darkness lay buried in the deepest recesses of his heart a fountain of enthusiastic tenderness and vehemently fond passion, which could only be touched in the abstraction of the most profound solitude by the wand of imagination, which his sharp and fiery temper was absolutely secure from the irritation of human intercourse.

"Hence it would seem that he had two opposite natures contending in him;—the nature with which his imagination would have clothed him; and the nature which his frail corporeal constitution imposed on him. The regret at these incompatibilities; the aggression which one nature was continually making on the other; perhaps produced those restlessnesses, those compunctious visitings by which his life seemed to be harassed.

"But, in answer to these speculations, it may be asked, how the fruits of his secluded imagination did not then consist of ideal beauty, and sublime uncontaminated virtue?

"Because it was seldom in his utmost seclusion that he could purify himself from the effects of the irritated temper which he carried thither: When he could so purify himself, then it was that the buried fountain began to flow, and to throw forth those waters of exquisite tenderness, which, though they sometimes, even then in their passage, catch some clouds from his opposing temper, yet, on the whole, melt and enrapture the reader; and overcome and efface for a time the memory of the poet's great faults, and fierce and relentless passions.

"So it is, that no faults will sink a poet, where there are grand, rare, and scarcely equalled beauties. When once the reader is unaffectedly and deeply touched, the reflection of his feelings is even apt to throw itself on the poet's faults themselves."

CHANGING THE TUNE.—"Run and get me an arm full of wood," said a woman to her husband, one rainy day, "as you are wet and I am dry." The same plea was used for a dozen more errands. At last it was "Get me bucket of water, for you are wet and I am dry." The bucket of water was brought and thrown over her, the husband exclaiming, "Now do your share, for you are wet too."

A late Sicilian traveller gives an anecdote to prove that the Catholics in that country begin to entertain *favorable* opinions of the English.

"A priest hearing a Sicilian woman say, that one of the officers who happened to pass by finely dressed would go to hell for all his lace," rebuked her, and added, "As for the Turks, they certainly go to hell, but *nobody knows where the English go!*"

Absurdity.—To ask advice of a man who has always mismanaged his own affairs.

The Ladies' Department.

A LESSON FOR COQUETTES.

"We have a visitor to-day," said Lord Pallister to his niece, the lovely Elizabeth Pallister, who was on a visit for a week or two to her Right Hon. uncle.

"Who is it," said the lady, "a lady or gentleman?"

"A gentleman—Mr. Jones."

"And who is Mr. Jones—is it Bumper Squire Jones, or the renowned Tom?"

But we will save his Lordship the trouble of describing who Mr. Jones was. He was simply Mr. Jones, of Piercefield, in the county of Suffolk. Now this description is very short, but it is quite sufficient to describe Mr. Jones. It is evident he was not of very ancient gentility—had he been so, he would have been Mr. Jones of Piercefield Hall, or Piercefield Manor; he was not a retired merchant, or he would have been Mr Jones of Piercefield House; neither could he be a retired shopkeeper, or his house would have been dignified with the euphonious name of Rose Villa, or Bellevue Cottage, or Piercefield Lodge. But Mr. Jones's house was a very good house, it stood on a lawn only one hundred yards from the road-side, and the entrance gate was suspended between massive stone piers, surmounted with round balls. It is, therefore evident that its owner was a man of small independent fortune, and that he was a gentleman by two or three descents. Now Mr. Jones was a bachelor, his age twenty-five, his education such as he could obtain at a celebrated endowed school in the neighborhood; he was eminently handsome, but could not pretend to great abilities; but he was good-natured and well-dispositioned, and a special favorite of Lord Pallister.

Now Miss Pallister, besides being a wit was a little bit of a coquette—just sufficient of evil in her disposition to prevent her being an angel, but she was a very charming lady. She therefore debated with herself as to the course she should pursue toward Mr. Jones, whether she should abash the poor Squire by her satire, astonish him by her wit, or fascinate him by her condescension, and finally determined to be ruled by circumstances. Accordingly, after having been introduced to our Squire, Miss Pallister occupied the five minutes which usually intervene between the completion of the toilet and the serving of dinner in surveying the fortress she meant to attack.

"Not at all distinguished in his appearance," was her first thought, "but the man is decidedly handsome," her second.

People may talk of their appreciation of intellectual gifts, but there are few who are indifferent to personal beauty; and when Mr. Jones led the lady to the dining-room, he was favored with the sweetest of smiles and during dinner, she had directed the full battery of her charms and graces against the heart of Mr. Jones. She was witty without ill-nature, and vivacious without being rude; but when she was alone she confessed that to all appearance her labor had been thrown away. Jones had listened to her conversation, but he had not expressed, and did not seem to feel, any great admiration of either her wit or her beauty; but his polite replies and accommodating affirmatives were given with a degree of good-humored *nonchalance* that convinced Miss Pallister, to her great mortification, that she had failed in her attack on the heart. "A mere country squire to be thus invulnerable to charms, which have driven half the fashionable world mad," though she, "it is wonderful!" and Miss Pallister was not vain in so thinking—it was a fact. "The man is not a fool either, and the fellow is handsome." She colored, though alone, as this idea a second time occurred. She, the star, or rather the sun of fashion, was not surely losing her own heart without obtaining another in exchange. Pshaw! it was ridiculous, but this did not prevent her, when the party re-assembled, from renewing her attack, and she again failed; for Jones, from the effects of good wine and Miss Pallister's encouragement, had become rather talkative, and to her surprise he talked remarkably well—for though not brilliant, he had good sense, had read a great deal, and had a good memory. The evening soon passed away, and the lady, on reviewing the events of the day, was mortified to confess that, not only had she made no impression on Mr. Jones, but she began to suspect, that her own heart was not invulnerable; she recollected that she had listened with pleasure to Jones's disquisition on the Ptolemaic Kings, she who had never listened for two minutes together to anybody—it was ominous.

The intercourse between the parties became daily of a more particular description, and Miss Pallister was delighted to find that she had subdued the stubborn heart of Jones. How she would tease him when he had once been brought to confession. But to bring about this confession was more difficult than the lady expected. If she gave him encouragement in the presence of her uncle, Jones would follow her briskly enough, but alone, he was grave, frigid, and polite—but, alas! not loving. Now this was exactly the contrary of what Miss Pallister wished; she had no objection to coquette, but she had a great aversion to being found out. She knew that her uncle would not allow her to make a fool of any man, and if Jones were to make a declaration in consequence of any public coquetry, she must either at once accept him, or incur that nobleman's serious displeasure; and she was always uneasy if any difference took place with that relative, to whom she was sincerely attached.

But all things came to a close; so did Miss Pallister's visit to her uncle—and Mr. Jones had neither made a declaration nor seemed inclined to do so; and, left alone in her carriage as it bore her to London, her reflections were none of the most pleasant. She felt that, in playing the game of coquetry, she had not only failed in her object, but had lost her heart—and doubts and fears possessed her breast, that perhaps Jones, disgusted with her conduct, might direct his attention elsewhere—and she burst into tears at the thought.

Now Lord Pallister had seen the game his niece was playing, and was pretty well aware of the state of her heart, and it rejoiced him that her affections had fallen where they had; but he laughed heartily at the thought, that a mere country squire like Jones should so completely out-manœuvre a practised coquette like his niece. "Jones likes the girl," said his Lordship to himself, "and he shall have her, but let her suffer a little;"—and suffer she did. Letters from his sister-in-law described his niece as not well, pale, out of spirits. "So," said his Lordship, "she is in love at last, is she. I must give her another chance, I suppose."

Lord Pallister's next letters mentioned incipient symptoms of gout, and his affectionate niece soon arrived to nurse him, but he was shocked to perceive that she looked horribly ill. "Poor thing," thought he, "I must be merciful," but in the course of the day he gave her a hint respecting her country beau, Mr. Jones—and Miss Pallister, in a passion of tears, threw herself at her uncle's feet, and confessed at once her love, and besought him not to allude again to her wicked and foolish conduct.

"It was wicked," said she, "because I intended to injure the happiness of a worthy man, and I suffer now justly."

Lord Pallister thought to himself "Thou art a good and honest girl after all, and thou shalt be Mrs. Jones yet."

Lords have great power, no doubt, but how his Lordship contrived, a few weeks after, to detect Mr. Jones in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the lips of the fair Elizabeth, we cannot tell; neither have we heard that either his Lordship or his niece expressed any violent indignation at the audacity of Mr. Jones. Nay, it has been insinuated, that the said kiss was given with the full approbation, not only of Lord Pallister, but also with that of his niece—but this seems incredible.—*London Court Journal.*

SAGACITY OF ANIMALS.—The instinct of animals, as it is called, in some cases approaches so closely to reason, that it is exceedingly difficult to draw the line between them. Many animals, particularly the dog, the horse, and the elephant, can draw an inference from established premises, with the acuteness of a practised logician. Even the domestic cat seems to try to prove that she is a rational creature. We have somewhere seen it stated that a favorite cat was an inmate of a boarding house, where it was usual to ring the bell affixed to the stairway as a signal for dinner. At these times the cat, pampered and indulged, always received her share of good things, and hastened to the hall as soon as she heard the tintinabulary clatter. One day she was shut up in the chamber during dinner, and on being released from her confinement an hour or two after, she hastened to the dining hall, but alas for poor Grimalkin the table was cleared away. Shortly after the bell was heard to ring loudly and repeatedly. The inmates of the house hastened to see what was the matter, and were much surprised to find the poor hungry puss clinging to the bell rope, and ringing with all her might! Who will say that this cat could not draw an inference.

James Sheridan Knowles might make a story of this of his namesake:

James Knowles of Point Judith, Rhode Island, in the last war, lived in an exposed station, near the ocean, and never went to bed without having his gun charged by his side. One night there was a violent thunder gust, which shook the house to the foundation, and awoke his wife from a sound sleep. In affright, she screamed "husband, husband, the British have landed, or the day of judgement has come, I don't know which." "By gosh," said Knowles springing up and seizing his gun, "I am ready for either."

A musician, in giving notice in an eastern paper of an intended concert, says, "a variety of other songs may be expected *too tedious* to mention."

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

Among the deaths mentioned in the journals, is that of Miss Margaret Miller Davidson, which took place at Saratoga Springs, in the 16th year of her age. She was the sister of Lucretia M. Davidson, whose literary remains have been published, and were deemed so extraordinary that one of the most eminent authors of the age thought them worthy of a notice from his pen in the Quarterly Review. Margaret, the younger sister, whose death has recently occured, was if possible, a more extraordinary person than the elder poetess. Her intellectual powers showed indications of astonishing strength and maturity, at an age when she was scarcely out of her infancy. When she was but five years old she learned to write of her own accord, and in secret, by copying the printed books, and the first use she made of the art was to commit to paper the verses which she even then composed. She observed, however, the greatest reserve in regard to her writings, and it was only by accident that her mother, in discovering a little hoard of her literary treasures, found that she had learned to write, and at that tender age had already become an author. The following lines were written at the age of nine years. We question whether the annals of literary composition can show any thing produced at that age, equal to them in merit, in propriety and beauty of thought, versification and command of language.

HOME.

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and flowrets so fair,
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom of light,
Again would I view the old cottage so dear,
Where I sported a babe, without sorrow or fear;
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at my home on this fair summer day.
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,
But the love of my home, oh! 'tis tenderer yet,
There a sister reposes unconscious in death,
'Twas there she first drew, and there yielded her breath;
A father I love is away from me now,
Oh! could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
Or smooth the gray locks to my fond heart so dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear.
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,
But my own happy home—it is dearer than all.

Her moral faculties were unfolded with the same prematurity as her intellectual. She is described to us as one of the most conscientious, right-minded and affectionate of human beings, overflowing with the kindest and most generous sympathies.

A shade of melancholy, however, always seemed to rest upon her mind, as if a presentiment of her early fate was continually present. Her bodily and nervous organisation were extremely delicate. A strain of fine music produced upon her the most remarkable effect; it made her to tremble and weep, and sometimes seemed almost to stop the circulation in her veins. She died of the consumption, early, and as it seemed, fully ripened, both in her moral and intellectual nature, for the next stage of our being, that world of sublimer essences larger knowledge, and deeper emotions.

The following is the last thing she wrote. It is addressed to her mother, and seems to have been composed in the prospect of approaching dissolution:

Oh, mother, would the power were mine
To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear,
And breath each trembling new-born thought,
Within thy fondly listening ear,
As when in days of health and glee,
My hopes and fancies wandered free.
But, mother, now a shade hath passed
Athwart my brightest visions here;
A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapt
The remnant of my brief career!
No song, no echo, can I win,
The sparkling fount hath dried within.
The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
And fancy spreads her wings no more,
And oh, [illegible] vain and trivial seem
The pleasure that I prized before;
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
Is struggling on through doubt and strife;
Oh, may it prove as time rolls on,
The path-way to eternal life!
Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,
I'll sing thee, as in "days of yore."

I said that hope had passed from earth,
'Twas but to fold her wings in Heaven,
To whisper of the soul's new birth,
Of sinners saved and sins forgiven;
When mine are washed in tears away,
Then shall my spirit swell my lay.

When God shall guide my soul above,
By the soft chords of Heavenly love—
When the vain cares of earth depart,
And tuneful voices swell my heart—
Then shall each word, each note I raise,
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise,
And all not offered at his shrine,
Dear mother, I will place on thine.

Saratoga Springs, November, 1838.

NAPOLEON AND THE GROGNARD.

Napoleon delighted in treating his soldiers with kindness, in conversing with, and even in gently provoking them; they knew and took advantage of it with remarkable reserve and moderation. The French are distinguished by an exquisite sense of delicacy, and unparalelled judgment. No other nation, not excepting the Italians, is gifted with such superior tact. I recollect, among other instances, that at a review at which I was present, an old *grognard*, as he called them, who strictly conformed, for the rest, to the species of ceremony observed amongst military men, and which was part of the camp etiquette, an old *grognard* stepped out of the ranks, presented arms, held up his hand to his chapeau, and stood as still and motionless as the statue of one of the guards of Pharaoh. The Emperor, whose eye was glancing at the manœuvre, walked two or three steps forward, as it were at random; then, suddenly wheeling round, and finding himself face to face with the *grognard*, thus opened the colloquy with his hollow voice: "What is it you want?" "Tell me, Sire: how much longer shall I have to run after the cross of honor?" "Oh! you desire to have it?" "I deserve it." "You say so?" "My services prove it; my comrades will attest so by—!" "Don't swear."—"Zounds! Is it not mortifying to think that I should have followed you to Italy, where we thrashed Wurmser at Mantua, and Melas at Marengo, afterward where we beat the Austrians at Austerlitz, where the other Emperors the pair of whom were no match for you, were so courteously treated; at Jena, where we gave it to the Prussians to their hearts' content; and yet, after all, to be no farther advanced that a novice who still sobs after his mother's pap?" "I have, in fact, seen you every where." "Well then, Sir, contrive so that I may see a piece of red ribbon at my button hole." "Have you been wounded?" inquired Napoleon. "Nine times." "This is worth a pension and a cross. You shall have both." The emperor walked on; the veteran followed him. "Sire, one word more. They have been so often promised me that I fear you will forget me, like those wheedlers have done." "Oh! you mistrust me! this shows no great respect for me; but since you will not rely on my word, here are the pledges." The Emperor unfastened his cross, for he always wore a silver one, like a mere knight of the order, gave it to the soldier, and with it a handful of gold.—*Evenings with Prince Cambaceres.*

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.—An orator holding forth in favor of "woman, dear divine woman," concluded thus:—"Oh my hearers, depend upon it nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

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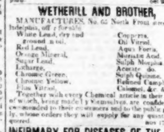

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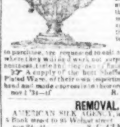

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